ABRA^M: COWLEY.

*From an Original in Lord Chesterfield's Collection* *Cook sculp.*

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Dec. 15th 177

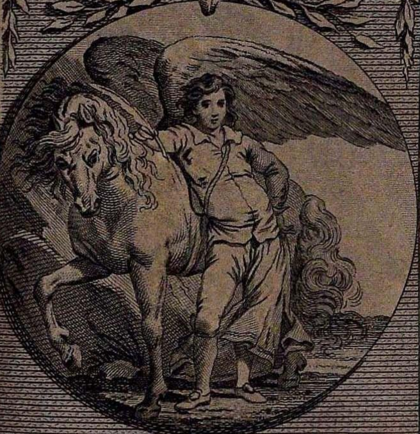
*BELL'S EDITION,*

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

*COMPLETE FROM*

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

701



COWLEY VOLUME I.

What shall I do to be for ever known

And make the Age to come my own?

Page

Grignion Sc.

…nted for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan.<sup></sup>

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

701

*FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.*

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures dance.
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My Muſic's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound. THE RESURRECTION.

COWLEY does to Jove belong,
Jove and COWLEY claim my ſong.-----
The Muſes did young COWLEY raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms;
As if Apollo's ſelf had been thy ſire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre. VERSES TO COWLEY.

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VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

*Anno* 1777.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. I. 701

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,
EPISTLES,
ELEGIAC POEMS,
PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES,

*&c. &c. &c.*

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Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward COWLEY held a laſting date:
For Envy's blaſt, and pow'rful Time, too ſtrong,
He bloſſom'd early, and he flouriſh'd long:
In whom the double miracle was ſeen,
Ripe in his ſpring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feaſt of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, tranſplanted to the ſkies,
In verdure with th' Elyſian garden vies,
The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradiſe.----

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

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EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
*Anno* 1777.

# THE LIFE OF
# ABRAHAM COWLEY.

## WRITTEN TO MR. M. CLIFFORD.

SIR,

MR. COWLEY, in his will, recommended to my care the reviſing of all his works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of thoſe papers which he had deſigned for the preſs; and he did it with this particular obligation, "That I ſhould be ſure to let nothing paſs that might ſeem the leaſt offence to religion or good manners." A caution which you will judge to have been altogether needleſs; for certainly, in all ancient or modern times, there can ſcarce any author be found that has handled ſo many different matters in ſuch various ſorts of ſtyle, who leſs wants the correction of his friends, or has leſs reaſon to fear the ſeverity of ſtrangers.

According to his deſire, and his own intention, I have now ſet forth his Latin and Engliſh writings, each in a volume apart; and, to that which was before extant in both languages, I have added all that I could find in his cloſet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection. I have thus, Sir, performed the will of the dead; but I doubt I ſhall not ſatisfy the expectation of the living, unleſs ſome account be here premiſed concerning this excellent man. I know very well that he has given the world the beſt image of his own mind in theſe immortal monuments of his

wit; yet there is ſtill room enough left for one of his familiar acquaintance to ſay many things of his Poems, and chiefly of his Life, that may ſerve for the information of his readers, if not for the increaſe of his fame; which, without any ſuch helps, is already ſufficiently eſtabliſhed.

This, Sir, were an argument moſt proper for you to manage, in reſpect of your great abilities, and the long friendſhip you maintained with him: but you have an obſtinate averſion from publiſhing any of your writings. I gueſs what pretence you have for it, and that you are confirmed in this reſolution by the prodigious multitude and imperfections of us writers of this age. I will not now diſpute whether you are in the right, though I am confident you would contribute more to our reformation by your example than reproofs: but however, ſeeing you perſiſt in your purpoſe, and have refuſed to adorn even this very ſubject, which you love ſo well, I beg your aſſiſtance while I myſelf undertake it. This I do with the greater willingneſs, becauſe I believe there is no man who ſpeaks of Mr. Cowley that can want either matter or words. I only, therefore, entreat you to give me leave to make you a party in this relation, by uſing your name and your teſtimony: for, by this means, though the memory of our friend ſhall not be delivered to poſterity with the advantage of your wit, which were moſt to be deſired, yet his praiſe will be ſtrengthened by the

confent of your judgment, and the authority of your approbation.

Mr. A. Cowley was born in the city of London, in the year 1618: his parents were citizens of a virtuous life and fufficient eftate, and fo the condition of his fortune was equal to the temper of his mind, which was always content with moderate things. The firft years of his youth were fpent in Weftminfter-fchool, where he foon obtained and increafed the noble genius peculiar to that place. The occafion of his firft inclination to poetry was his cafual lighting on Spenfer's Fairy Queen, when he was but juft able to read. That, indeed, is a poem fitter for the examination of men than the confideration of a child; but in him it met with a fancy whofe ftrength was not to be judged by the number of his years.

In the thirteenth year of his age there came forth a little book under his name, in which there were many things that might well become the vigour and force of a manly wit. The firft beginning of his ftudies was a familiarity with the moft folid and unaffected authors of antiquity, which he fully digefted, not only in his memory, but his judgment. By this advantage he learned nothing while a boy that he needed to forget or forfake when he came to be a man. His mind was rightly feafoned at firft, and he had nothing to do but ftill to proceed on the fame foundation on which he began.

He was wont to relate, that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his teachers could never bring it to retain the ordinary rules of grammar. However, he ſupplied that want by converſing with the books themſelves from whence thoſe rules had been drawn. That, no doubt, was a better way, though much more difficult, and he afterwards found this benefit by it, that having got the Greek and Roman languages, as he had done his own, not by precept but uſe, he practiſed them not as a ſcholar, but a native.

With theſe extraordinary hopes he was removed to Trinity College in Cambridge, where, by the progreſs and continuance of his wit, it appeared that two things were joined in it which ſeldom meet together, that it was both early ripe, and laſting! This brought him into the love and eſteem of the moſt eminent members of that famous ſociety, and principally of your uncle Mr. Fotherby, whoſe favours he ſince abundantly acknowledged, when his benefactor had quite forgot the obligation. His exerciſes of all kinds are ſtill remembered in that univerſity with great applauſe, and with this particular praiſe, that they were not only fit for the obſcurity of an academical life, but have been ſhown on the true theatre of the world: there it was, that before the twentieth year of his age he laid the deſign of divers of his moſt maſculine works, that he finiſhed long after: in which I know not whether I ſhould moſt commend, that a mind ſo young ſhould

conceive ſuch great things, or that it ſhould be able to perfect them with ſuch felicity.

The firſt occaſion of his entering into buſineſs was the elegy that he writ on Mr. Harvey's death, wherein he deſcribed the higheſt characters of religion, knowledge, and friendſhip, in an age when moſt other men ſcarce begin to learn them. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. John Harvey, the brother of his deceaſed friend, from whom he received many offices of kindneſs through the whole courſe of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the ſervice of my Lord St. Albans.

When the Civil war broke out, his affection to the King's cauſe drew him to Oxford, as ſoon as it began to be the chief ſeat of the royal party. In that univerſity he proſecuted the ſame ſtudies with a like ſucceſs: nor, in the mean time, was he wanting to his duty in the war itſelf; for he was preſent and in ſervice in ſeveral of the King's journies and expeditions. By theſe occaſions, and the report of his high deſerts, he ſpeedily grew familiar to the chief men of the Court and the Gown, whom the fortune of the war had drawn together; and, particularly, though he was then very young, he had the entire friendſhip of my Lord Falkland, one of the principal ſecretaries of ſtate. That affection was contracted by the agreement of their learning and manners; for you may remember, Sir, we have often heard Mr. Cowley admire him, not only for the

profoundnefs of his knowledge, which was applauded by all the world, but more efpecially for thofe qualities which he himfelf more regarded, for his generofity of mind, and his neglect of the vain pomp of human greatnefs.

During the heat of the Civil war he was fettled in my Lord St. Albans' family, and attended her Majefty, the queen-mother, when, by the unjuft perfecution of her own fubjects, fhe was forced to retire into France. Upon this wandering condition of the moft vigorous part of his life he was wont to reflect as the caufe of the long interruption of his ftudies: yet we have no reafon to think that he loft fo great a fpace of time, if we confider in what bufinefs he employed his banifhment. He was abfent from his native country above twelve years, which were wholly fpent either in bearing a fhare in the diftreffes of the royal family, or in labouring in their affairs. To this purpofe he performed feveral dangerous journies into Jerfey, Scotland, Flanders, Holland, or wherever elfe the King's troubles required his attendance: but the chief teftimony of his fidelity was the laborious fervice he underwent in maintaining the conftant correfpondence between the late king and the queen his wife. In that weighty truft he behaved himfelf with indefatigable integrity and unfufpected fecrefy: for he ciphered and deciphered with his own hand the greateft part of all the letters that paffed between their Ma-

jesties, and managed a vaſt intelligence in many other parts, which for ſome years together took up all his days, and two or three nights every week.

At length, upon his preſent Majeſty's removal out of France, and the queen-mother's ſtaying behind, the buſineſs of that nature paſſed of courſe into other hands. Then it was thought fit, by thoſe on whom he depended, that he ſhould come over into England, and, under pretence of privacy and retirement, ſhould take occaſion of giving notice of the poſture of things in this nation. Upon his return he found his country groaning under the oppreſſion of an unjuſt uſurpation; and he ſoon felt the effects of it: for while he lay hid in London he was ſeized on by a miſtake, the ſearch having been intended after another gentleman of conſiderable note in the King's party. Being made a priſoner, he was often examined before the Uſurpers, who tried all imaginable ways to make him ſerviceable to their ends. That courſe not prevailing, he was committed to a ſevere reſtraint, and ſcarce, at laſt, obtained his liberty upon the hard terms of a thouſand pound bail, which burden Dr. Scarborough very honourably took upon himſelf. Under theſe bonds he continued till the general redemption: yet taking the opportunity of the confuſions that followed upon Cromwell's death, he ventured back into France, and there remained in the ſame ſtation as before, till near the time of the King's return.

This certainly, Sir, is abundantly ſufficient to juſtify his loyalty to all the world, tho' ſome have endeavoured to bring it in queſtion, upon occaſion of a few lines in the preface to one of his books. The objection I muſt not paſs by in ſilence, becauſe it was the only part of his life that was liable to miſinterpretation, even by the confeſſion of thoſe that envied his fame. In this caſe, perhaps, it were enough to alledge for him, to men of moderate minds, that what he there ſaid was publiſhed before a book of poetry, and ſo ought rather to be eſteemed as a problem of his fancy and invention than as the real image of his judgment; but his defence in this matter may be laid on a ſurer foundation. This is the true reaſon that is to be given of his delivering that opinion. Upon his coming over he found the ſtate of the royal party very deſperate: he perceived the ſtrength of their enemies ſo united, that, till it ſhould begin to break within itſelf, all endeavours againſt it were like to prove unſucceſsful. On the other ſide, he beheld their zeal for his Majeſty's cauſe to be ſtill ſo active, that it often hurried them into inevitable ruin. He ſaw this with much grief: and though he approved their conſtancy as much as any man living, yet he found their unſeaſonable ſhewing it did only diſable themſelves, and give their adverſaries great advantages of riches and ſtrength by their defeats. He therefore believed that it would be a meritorious ſervice to the King, if any man who

was known to have followed his intereſt could inſinuate into the Uſurpers' minds, that men of his principles were now willing to be quiet, and could perſuade the poor oppreſſed royaliſts to conceal their affections for better occaſions: and as for his own particular, he was a cloſe priſoner when he writ that againſt which the exception is made; ſo that he ſaw it was impoſſible for him to purſue the ends for which he came hither, if he did not make ſome kind of declaration of his peaceable intentions. This was then his opinion; and the ſucceſs of things ſeems to prove that it was not very ill grounded: for certainly it was one of the greateſt helps to the King's affairs, about the latter end of that tyranny, that many of his beſt friends diſſembled their counſels, and acted the ſame deſigns, under the diſguiſes and names of other parties.

This, Sir, you can teſtify to have been the innocent occaſion of theſe words, on which ſo much clamour was raiſed: yet ſeeing his good intentions were ſo ill interpreted, he told me, the laſt time that ever I ſaw him, that he would have them omitted in the next impreſſion, of which his friend Mr. Cook is a witneſs. However, if we ſhould take them in the worſt ſenſe of which they are capable, yet, methinks, for his maintaining one falſe tenet in the political philoſophy he made a ſufficient atonement, by a continual ſervice of twenty years, by the perpetual loyalty of his diſcourſe, and by many of his other writings, wherein

he has largely defended and adorned the royal caufe. And, to fpeak of him not as our friend, but according to the common laws of humanity, certainly that life muft needs be very unblameable which had been tried in bufinefs of the higheft confequence, practifed in the hazardous fecrets of courts and cabinets, and yet there can nothing difgraceful be produced againft it, but only the error of one paragraph, and a fingle metaphor.

But, to return to my narration, which this digreffion has interrupted: upon the King's happy reftoration Mr. Cowley was paft the fortieth year of his age, of which the greateft part had been fpent in a various and tempeftuous condition. He now thought he had facrificed enough of his life to his curiofity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occafions of obfervation: he had been prefent in many great revolutions, which, in that tumultuous time, difturbed the peace of all our neighbour-ftates as well as our own: he had nearly beheld all the fplendour of the higheft part of mankind: he had lived in the prefence of princes, and familiarly converfed with greatnefs in all its degrees, which was neceffary for one that would contemn it aright; for to fcorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does, commonly, proceed rather from ill manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with

a long compliance to foreign manners. He was ſatiated with the arts of court; which ſort of life, tho' his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. Theſe were the reaſons that moved him to forego all public employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which, in the greateſt throng of his former buſineſs, had ſtill called upon him, and repreſented to him the true delights of ſolitary ſtudies, of temperate pleaſures, and of a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of Fortune.

At firſt he was but ſlenderly provided for ſuch a retirement, by reaſon of his travels, and the afflictions of the party to which he adhered, which had put him quite out of all the roads of gain: yet, notwithſtanding the narrowneſs of his income, he remained fixed to his reſolution, upon his confidence in the temper of his own mind, which he knew had contracted its deſires into ſo ſmall a compaſs, that a very few things would ſupply them all. But, upon the ſettlement of the peace of our nation, this hinderance of his deſign was ſoon removed; for he then obtained a plentiful eſtate, by the favour of my Lord St. Albans, and the bounty of my Lord Duke of Buckingham, to whom he was always moſt dear, and whom he ever reſpected as his principal patrons: the laſt of which great men, you know, Sir, it is my duty to mention, not only for Mr. Cowley's ſake, but my own; tho' I cannot do it with-

out being aſhamed that, having the ſame encourager of my ſtudies, I ſhould deſerve his patronage ſo much leſs.

Thus he was ſufficiently furniſhed for his retreat; and immediately he gave over all purſuit of honour and riches, in a time when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remained in his mind, he might juſtly have expected to have them readily ſatisfied. In his laſt ſeven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obſcurity, and poſſeſſed that ſolitude which from his very childhood he had always moſt paſſionately deſired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into buſineſs, yet he never gave ear to any perſuaſions of profit or preferment. His viſits to the City and Court were very few; his ſtays in Town were only as a paſſenger, not an inhabitant: the places that he choſe for the ſeats of his declining life were two or three villages on the bank of the Thames. During this receſs his mind was rather exerciſed on what was to come, than what was paſſed; he ſuffered no more buſineſs nor cares of life to come near him than what were enough to keep his ſoul awake, but not to diſturb it. Some few friends and books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conſcience, were his conſtant companions. His poetry, indeed, he took with him, but he made that an anchorite as well as himſelf: he only dedicated it to the ſervice of his Maker, to deſcribe the great images of religion and virtue where-

with his mind abounded; and he employed his muſic to no other uſe than as his own David did towards Saul, by ſinging the praiſes of God and of Nature, to drive the evil ſpirit out of men's minds.

Of his works that are publiſhed it is hard to give one general character, becauſe of the difference of their ſubjects, and the various forms and diſtant times of their writing: yet this is true of them all, that in all the ſeveral ſhapes of his ſtyle there is ſtill very much of the likeneſs and impreſſion of the ſame mind; the ſame unaffected modeſty, and natural freedom, and eaſy vigour, and cheerful paſſions, and innocent mirth, which appeared in all his manners. We have many things that he writ in two very unlike conditions, in the Univerſity and the Court: but in his poetry, as well as his life, he mingled with excellent ſkill what was good in both ſtates. In his life he joined the innocence and ſincerity of the ſcholar with the humanity and good behaviour of the courtier. In his poems he united the ſolidity and art of the one with the gentility and gracefulneſs of the other.

If any ſhall think that he was not wonderfully curious in the choice and elegance of all his words, I will affirm with more truth on the other ſide, that he had no manner of affectation in them; he took them as he found them made to his hands; he neither went before nor came after the uſe of the age. He forſook the converſation, but never the language, of the City and

Court. He underſtood exceeding well all the variety and power of poetical numbers, and practiſed all ſorts with great happineſs. If his verſes in ſome places ſeem not as ſoft and flowing as ſome would have them, it was his choice, not his fault. He knew that in diverting men's minds there ſhould be the ſame variety obſerved as in the proſpects of their eyes; where a rock, a precipice, or a riſing wave, is often more delightful than a ſmooth even ground or a calm ſea. Where the matter required it, he was as gentle as any man; but where higher virtues were chiefly to be regarded, an exact numeroſity was not then his main care. This may ſerve to anſwer thoſe who upbraid ſome of his pieces with roughneſs, and with more contractions than they are willing to allow: but theſe admirers of gentleneſs without ſinews ſhould know that different arguments muſt have different colours of ſpeech; that there is a kind of variety of ſexes in poetry as well as in mankind; that as the peculiar excellence of the feminine kind is ſmoothneſs and beauty, ſo ſtrength is the chief praiſe of the maſculine.

He had a perfect maſtery in both the languages in which he writ; but each of them kept a juſt diſtance from the other; neither did his Latin make his Engliſh too old, nor his Engliſh make his Latin too modern. He excelled both in proſe and verſe; and both together have that perfection which is commended by ſome of the Ancients above all others, that they

are very obvious to the conception, but moſt difficult in the imitation.

His fancy flowed with great ſpeed, and therefore it was very fortunate to him that his judgment was equal to manage it. He never runs his reader nor his argument out of breath. He perfectly practiſes the hardeſt ſecret of good writing, to know when he has done enough. He always leaves off in ſuch a manner, that it appears it was in his power to have ſaid much more. In the particular expreſſions there is ſtill much to be applauded, but more in the diſpoſition and order of the whole: from thence there ſprings a new comelineſs, beſides the feature of each part. His invention is powerful, and large as can be deſired; but it ſeems all to ariſe out of the nature of the ſubject, and to be juſt fitted for the thing of which he ſpeaks. If ever he goes far for it, he diſſembles his pains admirably well.

The variety of arguments that he has managed is ſo arge, that there is ſcarce any particular of all the paſſions of men, or works of Nature and Providence, which he has paſſed by undeſcribed: yet he ſtill obſerves the rules of decency with ſo much care, that whether he inflames his reader with the ſofter affections, or delights him with inoffenſive raillery, or teaches the familiar manners of life, or adorns the diſcoveries of philoſophy, or inſpires him with the heroic characters of charity and religion; to all theſe matters, that are ſo wide aſunder, he ſtill proportions

a due figure of ſpeech, and a proper meaſure of wit. This, indeed, is moſt remarkable, that a man who was ſo conſtant and fixed in the moral ideas of his mind, ſhould yet be ſo changeable in his intellectual, and in both to the higheſt degree of excellence.

If there needed any excuſe to be made, that his Love-verſes ſhould take up ſo great a ſhare in his works, it may be alledged that they were compoſed when he was very young: but it is a vain thing to make any kind of apology for that ſort of writings. If devout or virtuous men will ſuperciliouſly forbid the minds of the young to adorn thoſe ſubjects about which they are moſt converſant, they would put them out of all capacity of performing graver matters when they come to them: for the exerciſes of all men's wits muſt be always proper for their age, and never too much above it; and by practice and uſe in lighter arguments, they grow up at laſt to excel in the moſt weighty. I am not, therefore, aſhamed to commend Mr. Cowley's Miſtreſs: I only except one or two expreſſions, which I wiſh I could have prevailed with thoſe that had the right of the other edition to have left out: but of all the reſt I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet ſo much was written on a ſubject ſo delicate, that can leſs offend the ſevereſt rules of morality. The whole paſſion of love is inimitably deſcribed, with all its mighty train of hopes, and joys, and diſquiets. Beſides this amorous tenderneſs, I know

not how, in every copy, there is ſomething of more uſeful knowledge very naturally and gracefully inſinuated, and every where there may be ſomething found to inform the minds of wiſe men, as well as to move the hearts of young men or women.

The occaſion of his falling on the Pindaric way of writing was his accidental meeting with Pindar's works, in a place where he had no other books to direct him. Having then conſidered at leiſure the height of his invention, and the majeſty of his ſtyle, he tried immediately to imitate it in Engliſh; and he performed it without the danger that Horace preſaged to the man who ſhould dare to attempt it.

If any are diſpleaſed at the boldneſs of his metaphors, and length of his digreſſions, they contend not againſt Mr. Cowley, but Pindar himſelf, who was ſo much reverenced by all Antiquity, that the place of his birth was preſerved as ſacred, when his native city was twice deſtroyed by the fury of two conquerors. If the irregularity of the number diſguſt them, they may obſerve that this very thing makes that kind of poeſy fit for all manner of ſubjects; for the pleaſant, the grave, the amorous, the heroic, the philoſophical, the moral, the divine. Beſides this, they will find that the frequent alteration of the rhyme and feet affects the mind with a more various delight, while it is ſoon apt to be tired by the ſettled pace of any one conſtant meaſure. But that for which I think

this inequality of number is chiefly to be preferred, is its nearer affinity with profe; from which all other kinds of Englifh verfe are fo far diftant, that it is very feldom found that the fame man excels in both ways. But now this loofe and unconfined meafure has all the grace and harmony of the moft confined; and, withal, it is fo large and free, that the practice of it will only exalt, not corrupt, our profe, which is certainly the moft ufeful kind of writing of all others; for it is the ftyle of all bufinefs and converfation.

Befides this imitating of Pindar, which may perhaps be thought rather a new fort of writing than a reftoring of an ancient, he has alfo been wonderfully happy in tranflating many difficult parts of the nobleft poets of antiquity. To perform this according to the dignity of the attempt, he had, as it was neceffary he fhould have, not only the elegance of both the languages, but the true fpirit of both the poetries. This way of leaving verbal tranflations, and chiefly regarding the fenfe and genius of the author, was fcarce heard of in England before this prefent age. I will not prefume to fay that Mr. Cowley was the abfolute inventor of it; nay, I know that others had the good luck to recommend it firft in print; yet I appeal to you, Sir, whether he did not conceive it, and difcourfe of it, and practife it, as foon as any man.

His Davideis was wholly written in fo young an age, that if we fhall reflect on the vaftnefs of the argument,

and his manner of handling it, he may ſeem like one of the miracles that he there adorns, like a boy attempting Goliath. I have often heard you declare, that he had finiſhed the greateſt part of it while he was yet a young ſtudent at Cambridge. This, perhaps, may be the reaſon that, in ſome few places, there is more youthfulneſs and redundance of fancy than his riper judgment would have allowed. I know, Sir, you will give me leave to uſe this liberty of cenſure; for I do not here pretend to a profeſſed panegyric, but rather to give a juſt opinion concerning him: but for the main of it I will affirm, that it is a better inſtance and beginning of a divine poem than I ever yet ſaw in any language. The contrivance is perfectly ancient, which is certainly the true form of heroic poetry, and ſuch as was never yet outdone by any new devices of modern wits. The ſubject was truly divine, even according to God's own heart. The matter of his invention, all the treaſures of knowledge and hiſtories in the Bible. The model of it comprehended all the learning of the Eaſt. The characters lofty and various; the numbers firm and powerful; the digreſſions beautiful and proportionable; the deſign to ſubmit mortal wit to heavenly truths: in all there is an admirable mixture of human virtues and paſſions with religious raptures.

The truth is, Sir, methinks in other matters his wit excelled moſt other men's, but in his moral and divine works it outdid itſelf. And, no doubt, it pro-

ceeded from this cauſe, that in other lighter kinds of poetry he chiefly repreſented the humours and affections of others, but in theſe he ſat to himſelf, and drew the figure of his own mind. I know it has been objected againſt him by ſome moroſe zealots, that he has done an injury to the Scripture, by ſprinkling all his works with many alluſions and ſimilitudes that he took out of the Bible; but to theſe men it were a ſufficient reply, to compare their own practice with his in this particular. They make uſe of Scripture phraſes and quotations in all their common diſcourſe; they employ the words of holy writ to countenance the extravagance of their own opinions and affections; and why then might not he take the liberty to fetch from thence ſome ornament for the innocent paſſions, and natural truths, and moral virtues, which he deſcribes?

This is confutation enough to that ſort of men. As to the thing itſelf, it is ſo far from being a debaſing of divinity to make ſome parts of it the ſubjects of our fancy, that it is a ſure way to eſtabliſh it familiarly on the hearts of the people, and to give it a durable impreſſion on the minds of wiſe men. Of this we have a powerful inſtance amongſt the Ancients, for their wit has laſted much longer than the practice of any of their religions; and the very memory of moſt of their divine worſhip had periſhed if it had not been expreſſed and preſerved by their poets. But Mr. Cowley him-

ſelf did, of all men living, abhor the abuſe of Scripture by licentious raillery, which ought not only to be eſteemed the meaneſt kind of wit, but the worſt ſort of ill manners. This, perhaps, ſome men would be loath to hear proved, who practice it under the falſe title of a genteel quality; but the truth of it is unqueſtionable: for the ordinary ill-breeding is only an indecence and offence againſt ſome particular cuſtom, or geſture, or behaviour, in uſe: but this profaneneſs is a violation of the very ſupport of human ſociety, and a rudeneſs againſt the beſt manners that all mankind can practiſe, which is a juſt reverence of the ſupreme Power of all the world.

In his Latin poems he has expreſſed to admiration all the numbers of verſes, and figures of poeſy, that are ſcattered up and down among the Ancients. There is hardly to be found in them all any good faſhion of ſpeech, or colour of meaſure, but he has comprehended it, and given inſtances of it, according as his ſeveral arguments required, either a majeſtic ſpirit, or a paſſionate, or a pleaſant. This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet performed by any ſingle poet of the ancient Romans themſelves: they had the language natural to them, and ſo might eaſily have moulded it into what form or humour they pleaſed; yet it was their conſtant cuſtom to confine all their thoughts and practice to one or two ways of writing, as deſpairing ever to compaſs all together. This is

evident in thoſe that excelled in odes and ſongs, in the comical, tragical, epical, elegiacal, or ſatirical way: and this, perhaps, occaſioned the firſt diſtinction and number of the Muſes: for they thought the taſk too hard for any one of them, tho' they fancied them to be goddeſſes; and therefore they divided it amongſt them all, and only recommended to each of them the care of a diſtinct character of poetry and muſic.

The occaſion of his chuſing the ſubject of his ſix Books of Plants was this: when he returned into England he was adviſed to diſſemble the main intention of his coming over, under the diſguiſe of applying himſelf to ſome ſettled profeſſion, and that of phyſic was thought moſt proper. To this purpoſe, after many anatomical diſſections, he proceeded to the conſideration of ſimples; and having furniſhed himſelf with books of that nature, he retired into a fruitful part of Kent, where every field and wood might ſhew him the real figures of thoſe plants of which he read. Thus he ſpeedily maſtered that part of the art of medicine: but then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the ſtudy of the law, inſtead of employing his ſkill for practice and profit, he preſently digeſted it into that form which we behold.

The two firſt books treat of Herbs, in a ſtyle reſembling the elegies of Ovid and Tibullus, in the ſweetneſs and freedom of the verſe, but excelling them in the ſtrength of the fancy, and vigour of the ſenſe.

The third and fourth discourse of Flowers in all the variety of Catullus and Horace's numbers, for the last of which authors he had a peculiar reverence, and imitated him not only in the stately and numerous pace of his Odes and Epodes, but in the familiar easiness of his Epistles and Speeches. The two last speak of Trees in the way of Virgil's Georgics. Of these the sixth Book is wholly dedicated to the honour of his country: for making the British Oak to preside in the assembly of the forest trees, upon that occasion he enlarges on the history of our late troubles, the King's affliction and return, and the beginning of the Dutch war, and manages all in a style that (to say all in a word) is equal to the greatness and valour of the English nation.

I told you, Sir, that he was very happy in the way of Horace's speeches; but of this there are but two instances preserved; that part of an epistle to Mr. Creswel with which he concludes his preface to his Book of Plants, and that copy which is written to yourself. I confess I heartily wish he had left more examples behind him of this kind, because I esteem it to be one of the best and most difficult of all those that Antiquity has taught us: it is certainly the very original of true raillery, and differs as much from some of the other Latin satires, as the pleasant reproofs of a gentleman from the severity of a schoolmaster. I know some men disapprove it, because the verse seems to be loose,

and near to the plainneſs of common diſcourſe; but that which was admired by the court of Auguſtus never ought to be eſteemed flat and vulgar. And the ſame judgment ſhould be made of men's ſtyles as of their behaviour and carriage, wherein that is moſt courtly and hardeſt to be imitated which conſiſts of a natural eaſineſs and unaffected grace, where nothing ſeems to be ſtudied, yet every thing is extraordinary.

This familiar way of verſe puts me in mind of one kind of proſe, wherein Mr. Cowley was excellent, and that is his Letters to his private friends. In theſe he always expreſſed the native tenderneſs and innocent gaiety of his mind. I think, Sir, you and I have the greateſt collection of this ſort: but I know you agree with me that nothing of this nature ſhould be publiſhed: and herein you have always conſented to approve of the modeſt judgment of our countrymen above the practice of ſome of our neighbours, and chiefly of the French. I make no manner of queſtion but the Engliſh, at this time, are infinitely improved in this way above the ſkill of former ages, nay, of all countries round about us that pretend to greater eloquence: yet they have been always judiciouſly ſparing in printing ſuch compoſures, while ſome other witty nations have tired all their preſſes and readers with them. The truth is, the letters that paſs between particular friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can ſcarce ever be fit to ſee the light. They ſhould not conſiſt of fulſome compliments, or tedious politics, or

elaborate elegancies, or general fancies; but they ſhould have a native clearneſs and ſhortneſs, a domeſtical plainneſs, and a peculiar kind of familiarity, which can only affect the humour of thoſe to whom they were intended. The very ſame paſſages which make writings of this nature delightful amongſt friends, will loſe all manner of taſte when they come to be read by thoſe that are indifferent. In ſuch letters the ſouls of men ſhould appear undreſſed; and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be ſeen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the ſtreets.

The laſt pieces that we have from his hands are Diſcourſes, by way of Eſſays, upon ſome of the graveſt ſubjects that concern the contentment of a virtuous mind. Theſe he intended as a real character of his own thoughts upon the point of his retirement: and, accordingly, you may obſerve, that in the proſe of them there is little curioſity of ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler ſtyle than the reſt, and, as an unfeigned image of his ſoul ſhould be drawn, without flattery. I do not ſpeak this to their diſadvantage; for the true perfection of wit is to be pliable to all occaſions, to walk or fly, according to the nature of every ſubject: and there is no doubt as much art to have only plain conceptions on ſome arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary flights.

To theſe that he has here left ſcarce finiſhed it was his

deſign to have added many others : and a little before his death he communicated to me his reſolutions to have dedicated them all to my Lord St. Albans, as a teſtimony of his entire reſpects to him, and a kind of apology for having left human affairs in the ſtrength of his age, while he might ſtill have been ſerviceable to his country : but tho' he was prevented in this purpoſe by his death, yet it becomes the office of a friend to make good his intentions. I, therefore, here preſume to make a preſent of them to his Lordſhip. I doubt not but, according to his uſual humanity, he will accept this imperfect legacy of the man whom he long honoured with his domeſtic converſation; and I am confident his Lordſhip will believe it to be no injury to his fame, that in theſe papers my Lord St. Albans and Mr. Cowley's name ſhall be read together by poſterity.

I might, Sir, have made a longer diſcourſe of his writings, but that I think it fit to direct my ſpeech concerning him by the ſame rule by which he was wont to judge of others. In his eſteem of other men, he conſtantly preferred the good temper of their minds, and honeſty of their actions, above all the excellencies of their eloquence or knowledge. The ſame courſe I will take in his praiſe, which chiefly ought to be fixed on his life; for that he deſerves more applauſe from the moſt virtuous men, than for his other abilities he ever obtained from the learned.

He had, indeed, a perfect natural goodneſs, which neither the uncertainties of his condition, nor the largeneſs of his wit, could pervert. He had a firmneſs and ſtrength of mind that was proof againſt the art of poetry itſelf. Nothing vain or fantaſtical, nothing flattering or inſolent, appeared in his humour. He had a great integrity and plainneſs of manners, which he preſerved to the laſt, tho' much of his time was ſpent in a nation, and way of life, that is not very famous for ſincerity: but the truth of his heart was above the corruption of ill examples, and therefore the ſight of them rather confirmed him in the contrary virtues.

There was nothing affected or ſingular in his habit, or perſon, or geſture. He underſtood the forms of good-breeding enough to practiſe them without burdening himſelf or others. He never oppreſſed any man's parts, nor ever put any man out of countenance. He never had any emulation for fame, or contention for profit, with any man. When he was in buſineſs he ſuffered others' importunities with much eaſineſs: when he was out of it he was never importunate himſelf. His modeſty and humility were ſo great, that if he had not had many other equal virtues, they might have been thought diſſimulation.

His converſation was certainly of the moſt excellent kind, for it was ſuch as was rather admired by his familiar friends, than by ſtrangers at firſt ſight.

He ſurpriſed no man at firſt with any extraordinary appearance: he never thruſt himſelf violently into the good opinion of his company. He was content to be known by leiſure and by degrees; and ſo the eſteem that was conceived of him was better grounded, and more laſting.

In his ſpeech, neither the pleaſantneſs excluded gravity, nor was the ſobriety of it inconſiſtent with delight. No man parted willingly from his diſcourſe; for he ſo ordered it, that every man was ſatisfied that he had his ſhare. He governed his paſſions with great moderation. His virtues were never troubleſome or uneaſy to any. Whatever he diſliked in others, he only corrected it by the ſilent reproof of a better practice.

His wit was ſo tempered, that no man had ever reaſon to wiſh it had been leſs: he prevented other men's ſeverity upon it by his own: he never willingly recited any of his writings. None but his intimate friends ever diſcovered he was a great poet by his diſcourſe. His learning was large and profound, well compoſed of all ancient and modern knowledge; but it ſat exceeding cloſe and handſomely upon him; it was not emboſſed on his mind, but enamelled.

He never guided his life by the whiſpers or opinions of the world; yet he had a great reverence for a good reputation. He hearkened to Fame when it was a juſt cenſurer, but not when an extravagant

babbler. He was a paſſionate lover of liberty and freedom from reſtraint both in actions and words; but what honeſty others receive from the direction of laws, he had by native inclination, and he was not beholden to other men's wills, but to his own, for his innocence.

He performed all his natural and civil duties with admirable tenderneſs. Having been born after his father's death, and bred up under the diſcipline of his mother, he gratefully acknowledged her care of his education to her death, which was in the eightieth year of her age. For his three brothers he always maintained a conſtant affection; and having ſurvived the two firſt, he made the third his heir. In his long dependence on my Lord St. Albans, there never happened any manner of difference between them, except a little at laſt, becauſe he would leave his ſervice; which only ſhewed the innocence of the ſervant, and the kindneſs of the maſter. His friendſhips were inviolable. The ſame men with whom he was familiar in his youth, were his neareſt acquaintance at the day of his death. If the private courſe of his laſt years made him contract his converſation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off, from any of the others.

His thoughts were never above nor below his condition. He never wiſhed his eſtate much larger, yet he enjoyed what he had with all innocent freedom; he never made his preſent life uncomfortable by undue expectations of future things. Whatever diſap-

pointments he met with, they only made him underſtand Fortune better, not repine at her the more: his Muſe, indeed, once complained, but never his mind. He was accompliſhed with all manner of abilities for the greateſt buſineſs, if he would but have thought ſo himſelf.

If any thing ought to have been changed in his temper and diſpoſition, it was his earneſt affection for obſcurity and retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even to you, who I know agreed with him in the ſame humour. I acknowledge he choſe that ſtate of life not out of any poetical rapture, but upon a ſteady and ſober experience of human things: but, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great diſparagement to virtue, and learning itſelf, that thoſe very things which only make men uſeful in the world ſhould incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unleſs the bad had the ſame moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderneſs: but if the one ſhall contend to get out of employment, while the other ſtrive to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in ſo ill a poſture, that even the good men themſelves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in ſecurity.

Yet, I confeſs, if any deſerved to have this privilege, it ought to have been granted to him as ſoon as any man living, upon conſideration of the manner in which he ſpent the liberty that he got; for he withdrew himſelf out of the crowd with deſires of enlightening

and inftructing the minds of thofe that remained in it. It was his refolution, in that ftation, to fearch into the fecrets of divine and human knowledge, and to communicate what he fhould obferve. He always profeffed that he went out of the world, as it was man's, into the fame world as it was Nature's, and as it was God's. The whole compafs of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine Wifdom, were the conftant profpect of his fenfes and his thoughts; and indeed he entered with great advantage on the ftudies of Nature, even as the firft great men of antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philofophers. He betook himfelf to its contemplation, as well furnifhed with found judgment, and diligent obfervation, and good method to difcover its myfteries, as with abilities to fet it forth in all its ornaments.

This labour about natural fcience was the perpetual and uninterrupted tafk of that obfcure part of his life. Befides this, we had perfuaded him to look back into his former ftudies, and to publifh a difcourfe concerning ftyle. In this he had defigned to give an account of the proper forts of writing that were fit for all manner of arguments, to compare the perfections and imperfections of the authors of antiquity with thofe of this prefent age, and to deduce all down to the particular ufe of the Englifh genius and language. This fubject he was very fit to perform, it being moft proper for him to be the judge who had been the beft practifer: but he fcarce lived to draw the firft

lines of it: all the footsteps that I can find remaining of it are only some indigested characters of ancient and modern authors. And now, for the future, I almost despair ever to see it well accomplished, unless you, Sir, would give me leave to name the man that should undertake it.

But his last and principal design was that which ought to be the principal to every wise man, the establishing his mind in the faith he professed. He was in his practice exactly obedient to the use and precepts of our church: nor was he inclined to any uncertainty and doubt, as abhorring all contention in indifferent things, and much more in sacred. But he beheld the divisions of Christendom; he saw how many controversies had been introduced by zeal or ignorance, and continued by faction: he had therefore an earnest intention of taking a review of the original principles of the primitive church, believing that every true Christian had no better means to settle his spirit than that which was proposed to Æneas and his followers to be the end of their wanderings, *Antiquam exquirite matrem.*

This examination he purposed should reach to our Saviour's and the apostles' lives, and their immediate successors, for four or five centuries, till interest and policy prevailed over devotion. He hoped to have absolutely compassed it in three or four years, and, when that was done, there to have fixed for ever, without

any ſhaking or alteration in his judgment. Indeed it was a great damage to our church that he lived not to perform it, for very much of the primitive light might have been expected from a mind that was endued with the primitive meekneſs and innocence. And, beſides, ſuch a work coming from one that was no divine, might have been very uſeful for this age, wherein it is one of the principal cavils againſt religion, that it is only a matter of intereſt, and only ſupported for the gain of a particular profeſſion. But, alas! while he was framing theſe great things in his thoughts, they were unfortunately cut off together with his life. His ſolitude, from the very beginning, had never agreed ſo well with the conſtitution of his body as of his mind. The chief cauſe of it was, that out of haſte to be gone away from the tumult and noiſe of the City, he had not prepared ſo healthful a ſituation in the country as he might have done if he had made a more leiſurable choice. Of this he ſoon began to find the inconvenience at Barn-Elms, where he was afflicted with a dangerous and lingering fever. After that he ſcarce ever recovered his former health, tho' his mind was reſtored to its perfect vigour, as may be ſeen by his two laſt Books of Plants, that were written ſince that time, and may at leaſt be compared with the beſt of his other works. Shortly after his removal to Chertſea he fell into another conſuming diſeaſe: having languiſhed under this for ſome months,

he ſeemed to be pretty well cured of its ill ſymptoms; but in the heat of the laſt ſummer, by ſtaying too long amongſt his labourers in the meadows, he was taken with a violent defluction, and ſtoppage in his breaſt and throat. This he at firſt neglected as an ordinary cold, and refuſed to ſend for his uſual phyſicians till it was paſt all remedies; and ſo, in the end, after a fortnight ſickneſs, it proved mortal to him.

Who can here, Sir, forbear exclaiming on the weak hopes and frail condition of human nature? for as long as Mr. Cowley was purſuing the courſe of ambition in active life, which he ſcarce eſteemed his true life, he never wanted a conſtant health and ſtrength of body; but as ſoon as ever he had found an opportunity of beginning indeed to live, and to enjoy himſelf in ſecurity, his contentment was firſt broken by ſickneſs, and at laſt his death was occaſioned by his very delight in the country and the fields, which he had long fancied above all other pleaſures. But let us not grieve at this fatal accident upon his account, leſt we ſhould ſeem to repine at the happy change of his condition, and not to know that the loſs of a few years, which he might longer have lived, will be recompenſed by an immortal memory. If we complain, let it only be for our own ſakes, that in him we are at once deprived of the greateſt natural and improved abilities, of the uſefulleſt converſation, of the faithfulleſt friendſhip, of a mind that practiſed the beſt virtues itſelf, and a wit that was beſt able to recommend them to others.

His body was attended to Weſtminſter-Abbey by a great number of perſons of the moſt eminent quality, and followed with the praiſes of all good and learned men. It lies near the aſhes of Chaucer and Spenſer, the two moſt famous Engliſh poets of former times. But whoever would do him right, ſhould not only equal him to the principal ancient writers of our own nation, but ſhould alſo rank his name amongſt the authors of the true antiquity, the beſt of the Greeks and Romans. In that place there is a monument deſigned for him by my Lord Duke of Buckingham, in teſtimony of his affection; and the King himſelf was pleaſed to beſtow on him the beſt epitaph, when, upon the news of his death, his Majeſty declared, "That Mr. Cowley had not "left a better man behind him in England."

This, Sir, is the account that I thought fit to preſent the world concerning him. Perhaps it may be judged that I have ſpent too many words on a private man and a ſcholar, whoſe life was not remarkable for ſuch a variety of events as are wont to be the ornaments of this kind of relations. I know it is the cuſtom of the world to prefer the pompous hiſtories of great men before the greateſt virtues of others, whoſe lives have been led in a courſe leſs illuſtrious. This, indeed, is the general humour; but I believe it to be an error in men's judgments: for certainly that is a more profitable inſtruction which may be taken from the eminent goodneſs of men of lower rank, than that

which we learn from the ſplendid repreſentation of the battles, and victories, and buildings, and ſayings, of great commanders and princes. Such ſpecious matters, as they are ſeldom delivered with fidelity, ſo they ſerve but for the imitation of a very few, and rather make for the oſtentation than the true information of human life: whereas it is from the practice of men equal to ourſelves that we are more naturally taught how to command our paſſions, to direct our knowledge, and to govern our actions.

For this reaſon I have ſome hope that a character of Mr. Cowley may be of good advantage to our nation; for what he wanted in titles of honour, and the gifts of Fortune, was plentifully ſupplied by many other excellencies, which make perhaps leſs noiſe, but are more beneficial for example. This, Sir, was the principal end of this long Diſcourſe. Beſides this, I had another deſign in it, that only concerns ourſelves; that having this picture of his life ſet before us, we may ſtill keep him alive in our memories, and, by this means, we may have ſome ſmall reparation for our inexpreſſible loſs by his death.

Sir, I am

Your moſt humble, and

moſt affectionate ſervant,

T. SPRAT.

At my return lately into England I met, by great accident, (for ſuch I account it to be, that any copy of it ſhould be extant any where ſo long, unleſs at his houſe who printed it) a book entitled, The Iron Age, and publiſhed under my name during the time of my abſence. I wondered very much how one who could be ſo fooliſh to write ſo ill verſes, ſhould yet be ſo wiſe to ſet them forth as another man's rather than his own; though, perhaps, he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the baſtard upon ſuch a perſon, whoſe ſtock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much leſs injurious, if it had pleaſed the author to put forth ſome of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more pardonable plagiary, and had done leſs wrong by robbery, than he does by ſuch a bounty; for no body can be juſtified by the imputation even of another's merit; and our own coarſe clothes are like to become us better than thoſe of another man's, though never ſo rich: but theſe, to ſay the truth, were ſo beggarly, that I myſelf was aſhamed to wear them. It was in vain for me that I avoided cenſure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed in effigy; and impoſſible it is for any good name to be in ſafety, if

the malice of witches have the power to consume and destroy it in an image of their own making. This, indeed, was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect; so that I esteem myself less prejudiced by it than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind, which is the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them: of which sort was a comedy called The Guardian, printed in the year 1650, but made and acted before the Prince, in his passage thro' Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the Author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the College. After the representation (which I confess was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the Poet and the Soldier; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in human conversation when I made it. But as it is, it is only the hasty first

ſitting of a picture, and therefore like to reſemble me accordingly. From this which has happened to myſelf, I began to reflect on the fortune of almoſt all writers, and eſpecially poets, whoſe works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find ſtuffed out either with counterfeit pieces, like falſe money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the ſum, or with ſuch which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themſelves for the baſeneſs of the alloy. Whether this proceed from the indiſcretion of their friends, who think a vaſt heap of ſtones or rubbiſh a better monument than a little tomb of marble, or by the unworthy avarice of ſome ſtationers, who are content to diminiſh the value of the author, ſo they may increaſe the price of the book, and, like vintners with ſophiſticate mixtures, ſpoil the whole veſſel of wine to make it yield more profit. This hath been the caſe with Shakeſpeare, Fletcher, Johnſon, and many others, part of whoſe poems I ſhould take the boldneſs to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any ſcruple to cut off from ſome the unneceſſary young ſuckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vaſt volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the leſs ſpace it animates, and, as Statius ſays of little Tydeus,

------Totos infuſa per artus
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus. Stat. 1. l. Theb.

I am not ignorant that by ſaying this of others I expoſe myſelf to ſome raillery, for not uſing the ſame ſevere diſcretion in my own caſe, where it concerns me nearer; but tho' I publiſh here more than in ſtrict wiſdom I ought to have done, yet I have ſuppreſſed and caſt away more than I publiſh; and for the eaſe of myſelf and others, have loſt, I believe too, more than both. And upon theſe conſiderations I have been perſuaded to overcome all the juſt repugnances of my own modeſty, and to produce theſe Poems to the light and view of the world, not as a thing that I approved of in itſelf, but as a leſs evil, which I choſe, rather than to ſtay till it were done for me by ſomebody elſe, either ſurreptitiouſly before, or avowedly after, my death; and this will be the more excuſable, when the reader ſhall know in what reſpects he may look upon me as a dead, or at leaſt a dying perſon, and upon my Muſe, in this action, as appearing, like the Emperor Charles V. and aſſiſting at her own funeral.

For to make myſelf abſolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my reſolution at preſent is, never to exerciſe any more that faculty. It is, I confeſs, but ſeldom ſeen that the poet dies before the man; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not uſe to court it as a miſtreſs, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better, or worſe, as an inſeparable companion of our whole life: but as the marriages of infants do but rarely proſper, ſo no man ought to

wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poesy, to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice, in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows than in their opinion of *exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves; neither ought any man to envy poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, "If their reward be in "this life, they are of all men the most miserable."

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it chuse but wither in a long and sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age, is best to write of, but worst to write in: and I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to myself which was spoken by Tully to a much better person, upon occasion of the Civil wars and revolutions in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias laudes quasi*

*quadrigis vehentem transversa incurrit misera fortuna Reipublicæ.* Cic. de Clar. Orator.

Neither is the present constitution of my mind more proper than that of the times for this exercise, or rather divertisement: there is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the main end of poesy. One may see through the style of *Ovid. de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that genius,

> Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The cold of the country had strucken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself, methinks, like one of the stories of his own Metamorphoses; and though there remain some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe,

> In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina moestis
> Stant immota genis; nihil est in imagine vivum,
> Flet tamen------ Ovid. Metam. l. vi.

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour. Neither is wit less eclipsed

with the unquietneſs of mind, than beauty with the indiſpoſition of body; ſo that it is almoſt as hard a thing to be a poet in deſpight of Fortune, as it is in deſpight of Nature. For my own part, neither my obligations to the Muſes, nor expectations from them, are ſo great, as that I ſhould ſuffer myſelf on no conſiderations to be divorced, or that I ſhould ſay, like Horace,

> Quiſquis erit vitae, ſcribam, color. Hor. Sat. I. l. ii. Ser.

I ſhall rather uſe his words in another place,

> Vixi camaenis nuper idoneus,
> Et militavi non ſine gloria,
> Nunc arma defuctumq; bello
> Barbiton hic paries habebit. L. iii. Car. Ode 26. Vixi puellis, &c.

And this reſolution of mine does the more befit me, becauſe my deſire has been for ſome years paſt, (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does ſtill vehemently continue, to retire myſelf to ſome of our American plantations, not to ſeek for gold, or enrich myſelf with the traffic of thoſe parts, (which is the end of moſt men that travel thither, ſo that of theſe Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

> Improbus extremos currit mercator ad Indos
> Pauperiem fugiens--------)

but to forſake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myſelf there in ſome obſcure retreat, (but not without the conſolation of letters and philoſophy)

> Oblituſq; meorum, obliviſcendus et illis.

as my former author ſpeaks too, who has enticed

me here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin ſentences. And I think Dr. Donne's Sun-dial in a Grave is not more uſeleſs and ridiculous than poetry would be in that retirement. As this, therefore, is in a true ſenſe a kind of death to the Muſes, and a real literal quitting of this world, ſo, methinks, I may make a juſt claim to the undoubted privilege of deceaſed poets, which is to be read with more favour than the living;

Tanti eſt ut placeam tibi, perire. Mart.

Having been forced, for my own neceſſary juſtification, to trouble the reader with this long Diſcourſe of the reaſons why I trouble him alſo with all the reſt of the book, I ſhall only add ſomewhat concerning the ſeveral parts of it, and ſome other pieces which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: As, firſt, all thoſe which I wrote at ſchool from the age of ten years till after fifteen *; for even ſo far backward there remain yet ſome traces of me in the little footſteps of a child; which, tho' they were then looked upon as commendable extravagances in a boy, (men ſetting a value upon any kind of fruit before the uſual ſeaſon of it) yet I would be loath to be bound now to read them all over myſelf, and therefore ſhould do ill to expect that patience from others. Beſides, they have already paſſed through ſeveral editions, which is a longer life than uſes to be enjoyed by infants that are

* See advertiſement, p. 58.

born before the ordinary terms. They had the good fortune then to find the world ſo indulgent (for conſidering the time of their production, who could be ſo hard-hearted to be ſevere?) that I ſcarce yet apprehend ſo much to be cenſured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the ſpeed of my ſetting out, and am obliged, too, in a manner by diſcretion, to conceal and ſuppreſs them, as promiſes and inſtruments under my own hand, whereby I ſtood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which, truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuſe of the honeſteſt ſort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made unſolvable not ſo much by their own negligence and ill huſbandry, as by ſome notorious accidents and public diſaſters. In the next place, I have caſt away all ſuch pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that cauſed them; as, among others, three Books of the Civil War itſelf, reaching as far as the firſt battle at Newbury, where the ſucceeding misfortunes of the party ſtopped the work.

As for the enſuing Book, it conſiſts of four parts. The firſt is a Miſcellany of ſeveral ſubjects, and ſome of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps ſuperfluous to tell the reader; I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them, for they are but a very few in compariſon of thoſe which I have loſt, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue

in them, to deserve more care in preservation than was bestowed upon their brethren, for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the arrogancy of the word, when I said "I had lost them."

The second is called, The Mistress, or Love-verses; for so it is, that poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to Love. Sooner or later they must all pass through that trial, like some Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once, at least, in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca,

In furias ignemque ruunt; amor omnibus idem.

But we must not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind, as the Romanists uncharitably do of Beza for a few lascivious sonnets composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that poesy is said to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and persons imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a philosopher, nay, a Stoic, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho.

Feret & rubus asper Amomum.

He professes too much the use of fables (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity as to

be aſhamed to be thought really in love; on the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at leaſt capable of being ſo : but I ſpeak it to excuſe ſome expreſſions (if ſuch there be) which may happen to offend the ſeverity of ſupercilious readers; for much exceſs is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry, ſo we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obſcenity and profaneneſs, of which, I am ſure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill repreſented my thoughts and intentions : and if, notwithſtanding all this, the lightneſs of the matter here diſpleaſe any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more ſerious inclinations in the weight and height of the enſuing arguments.

For, as for the Pindaric Odes, (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be underſtood by moſt readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracks of poeſy. They either are, or at leaſt were meant to be, of that kind of ſtyle which Dion. Halicarnaſſeus calls, Μεγαλοφυὲς ϗ ἡδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος, and which he attributes to Alceus. The digreſſions are many, and ſudden, and ſometimes long, according to the faſhion of all Lyrics, and of Pindar above all men living. The figures are unuſual, and bold even to temerity, and ſuch as I durſt not have to do withal in any other kind

of poetry. The numbers are various and irregular, and ſometimes (eſpecially ſome of the long ones) ſeem harſh and uncouth, if the juſt meaſures and cadences be not obſerved in the pronunciation: ſo that almoſt all their ſweetneſs and numeroſity (which is to be found, if I miſtake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader: I have briefly deſcribed the nature of theſe verſes in the ode entitled, The Reſurrection; and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them eaſy to be compoſed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwiſe.

-------Ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem, multum ſudet fruſtraq; laboret
Auſus idem------

I come now to the laſt part, which is Davideis, or, an Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David, which I deſigned into twelve books, not for the Tribes' ſake, but after the pattern of our maſter Virgil, and intended to cloſe all with that moſt poetical and excellent elegy of David's on the death of Saul and Jonathan; for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, becauſe it is the cuſtom of heroic poets (as we ſee by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we ſhould do ill to forſake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their ſtory, but only ſo near, that every one may ſee it, as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what

they have won. This, I ſay, was the whole deſign, in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as, the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the prieſts at Nob; the ſeveral flights and eſcapes of David, with the manner of his living in the wilderneſs; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the ſacking of Ziglag; the loſs and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites; the witch of Endor; the war with the Philiſtines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon ſeveral occaſions, with moſt of the illuſtrious ſtories of the Old Teſtament, and to embelliſh with the moſt remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age. But I have had neither leiſure hitherto, nor have appetite at preſent, to finiſh the work, or ſo much as to reviſe that part which is done with that care which I reſolved to beſtow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deſerves: for what worthier ſubject could have been choſen among all the treaſuries of paſt times, than the life of this young prince, who, from ſo ſmall beginnings, through ſuch infinite troubles and oppoſitions, by ſuch miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with ſuch incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greateſt monarch that ever ſat on the moſt famous throne of the whole earth? Whom ſhould a poet more juſtly ſeek to honour than the higheſt perſon who ever honoured his profeſſion? whom a Chriſtian

poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that facred pre-eminence above all other princes, to be the beft and mightieft of that royal race from whence Chrift himfelf, according to the flefh, difdained not to defcend? When I confider this, and how many other bright and magnificent fubjects of the like nature the Holy Scripture affords and proffers, as it were, to poefy, in the wife managing and illuftrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the fingular utility and nobleft delight of mankind, it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine Science employing all her inexhauftible riches of wit and eloquence either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great perfons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolifh women, or the wretched affectation of fcurril laughter, or at beft on the confufed antiquated dreams of fenfelefs fables and metamophofes. Amongft all holy and confecrated things which the devil ever ftole and alienated from the fervice of the Deity, as altars, temples, facrifices, prayers, and the like, there is none that he fo univerfally and fo long ufurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to reftore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damafcus. There wants, methinks, but the converfion of that, and the Jews, for the accomplifh-

ment of the kingdom of Chriſt. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without ſome carnal reluctances apprehend the bones and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the trueſt and greateſt liberty, it will fare no otherwiſe with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven. There is not ſo great a lie to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men that lying is eſſential to good poetry. Were there never ſo wholeſome nouriſhment to be had (but, alas! it breeds nothing but diſeaſes) out of theſe boaſted feaſts of love and fables, yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet ſhould make us nauſeate it; for it is almoſt impoſſible to ſerve up any new diſh of that kind; they are all but the cold meats of the Ancients new heated, and new ſet forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets made ſome rich crops out of theſe grounds; the heart of the ſoil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a-gleaning not after the firſt reapers, but after the very beggars? Beſides, though thoſe mad ſtories of the gods and heroes ſeem in themſelves ſo ridiculous, yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of thoſe times: they were believed by all but a few philoſophers, and perhaps ſome Athieſts, and ſerved to good purpoſe among

the vulgar, (as pitiful things as they are) in ſtrengthening the authority of law with the terrors of conſcience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable puniſhments. There was no other religion, and therefore that was better than none at all: but to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinences, they ought to appear no better arguments for verſe than thoſe of their worthy ſucceſſors the knights errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the ſtory of Deucalion than in that of Noah? why will not the actions of Samſon afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendſhip of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theſeus and Perithous? Does not the paſſage of Moſes and the Iſraelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulyſſes or Æneas? are the obſolete threadbare tales of Thebes and Troy half ſo ſtored with great, heroical, and ſupernatural actions (ſince verſe will needs find or make ſuch) as the wars of Joſhua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the gods give ſuch copious hints to flouriſh and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Chriſt, or of his prophets and apoſtles? What do I inſtance in theſe few particulars? all the books of the Bible

are either already moſt admirable and exalted pieces of poeſy, or are the beſt materials in the world for it. Yet though they be in themſelves ſo proper to be made uſe of for this purpoſe, none but a good artiſt will know how to do it: neither muſt we think to cut and poliſh diamonds with ſo little pains and ſkill as we do marble; for if any man deſign to compoſe a ſacred poem, by only turning a ſtory of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or ſome other godly matter, like Mr. Heywood of Angels, into rhyme, he is ſo far from elevating of poeſy, that he only abaſes divinity. In brief, he who can write a profane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worſe. The ſame fertility of invention, the ſame wiſdom of diſpoſition, the ſame judgment in obſervance of decencies, the ſame luſtre and vigour of elocution, the ſame modeſty and majeſty of number; briefly, the ſame kind of habit, is required to both; only this latter allows better ſtuff, and therefore would look more deformedly if ill dreſſed in it. I am far from aſſuming to myſelf to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking; but ſure I am that there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree anſwerable to the idea that I conceive of it; and I ſhall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and induſtry of ſome other perſons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and ſucceſsfully.

*THIS edition of Mr. Cowley's Poems will be found more copious in the Contents than that by Dr. Sprat, or any ſubſequent edition: it therefore includes his Conſtantia and Philetus, Piramus and Thiſbe, with a great number of other poems (moſtly indeed, juvenile performances) omitted in Dr. Sprat's folio, but which had yet been frequently printed during the Author's lifetime:—for it is the profeſſed deſign of this Work to print entire, without abſtraction or mutilation of poems, or parts of poems, the whole original pieces, in Engliſh, of ſuch of the Poets whoſe works claim the merit of a place in this extenſive undertaking.—In all former editions of Cowley, the Miſcellanies, Epiſtles, Elegiac Poems, &c. have been confuſedly blended together. In the preſent edition theſe are ſeparately arranged, and fall under the reader's notice in one diſtinct department—The ſix Books of Plants are printed from the tranſlations of Mr. Tate, Mrs. Behn, and others, and not from the Author's Latin originals; which muſt have been leſs generally underſtood, and, conſequently, leſs pleaſing to the generality of readers: and the Poem itſelf is of too valuable a nature, and forms too great a part of Mr. Cowley's poetical labours, to ſuffer being diſcarded from his other writings, either in its original Latin garb, or in its more modern Engliſh one, in which laſt dreſs it is here preſented to the reader.*

*October* 1777.

## TO THE READER.

*Reader! (I know not yet whether gentle or no) some I know have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldness, and blamed in mine what commends other fruits, earliness: others, who are either of a weak faith or strong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never sounds but when it is blowed in, and read me not as Abraham Cowley, but* authorem anonymum. *To the first I answer, That it is an envious frost that nips the blossoms because they appear quickly; to the latter, That he is the worst homicide who strives to murther another's fame; to both, That it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the stars, because the moon and sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this wind: for the itch of poesy by being angered increases; by rubbing spreads further; which appears in that I have ventured on this eighth edition. What though it be neglected? it is not, I am sure, the first book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgments it suffer shipwreck, it shall something content me that it hath pleased myself and the bookseller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers, which is, that as mine age, and, consequently, experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my poesy flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my Piramus and*

*Thisbe; nay, I would do it myself, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years of age. My Constantia and Philetus confesses me two years older when I wrote it. The rest were made since upon several occasions, and, perhaps, do not belie the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect that neither the bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewell.*

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

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## TO THE READER.

I.

*I Call'd the buskin'd Muse, Melpomene,*
*And told her what sad story I would write:*
*She wept at hearing such a tragedy,*
*Tho' wont in mournful ditties to delight.*
*If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know*
*My Muse with tears, not with conceits, did flow.*

II.

*And as she my unabler quill did guide,*
*Her briny tears did on the paper fall,*
*If then unequal numbers be espy'd,*
*Oh, Reader! do not them my error call,*
*But think her tears defac'd it, and blame then*
*My Muse's grief, and not my missing pen.*

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

To the Right Hon.

*And Right Rev. Father in God,*

# JOHN,

LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

AND DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

*I Might well fear lest these my rude and unpolished lines should offend your honourable survey, but that I hope your Nobleness will rather smile at the faults committed by a child than censure them. Howsoever, I desire your Lordship's pardon for presenting things so unworthy to your view, and to accept the good-will of him who in all duty is bound to be*

*Your Lordship's*

*most humble servant,*

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

*To the memory of the incomparable*

## MR. COWLEY.

WITH artleſs hand, and much diſorder'd mind,
(Pardon, illuſtrious Man!) I come
To try if worthy thee I ought can find,
That grovelling I might offer at thy tomb;
For yet, nor yet thou never hadſt thy due,
Tho' courted by the underſtanding few,
And they ſometimes officious too:
Much more is owing to thy mighty name
Than was perform'd by noble Buckingham;
He choſe a place thy ſacred bones to keep,
Near that where poets and where monarchs ſleep.
Well did thy kind Mecænas mean
To thee and to himſelf, and may that tomb
Convey your mutual praiſe to ages yet to come:
But monuments may betray their truſt,
And like their founders crumble into duſt.
Were I to adviſe poſterity
That ſhould at all times acceptable be,
Quickly to comprehend their great concern, [learn.
Cowley ſhould be the firſt word all their ſons ſhould
That charming name would every grace inſpire,
Inflame their ſouls with ſupernatural fire,
And make them nothing but what's truly good ad-
Early their tender minds would be poſſeſs'd [mire.
With glorious images, and every breaſt
Imbibe an happineſs not to be expreſs'd.

Of thefe (blefs'd Shade!) when thou wert here
An unregarded fojourner,
Thou hadft fo large a part,
That thou doft hardly more appear
Accomplifh'd where thou art;
But that thy radiant brow,
Encircled with an everlafting wreath,
Shews thee triumphant now
O'er difappointments and o'er death.
When with aftonifhment we caft an eye
On thine amazing infancy,
We envy Nature's prodigality
To thee, and only thee,
In whom (as in old Eden) ftill were feen
All things florid, frefh, and green,
Bloffoms and fruit at once on one immortal tree.
Herculean vigour hadft thou when but young,
In riper years more than Alcides ftrong.
Then who fhall fing thy wondrous fong?
For he that worthily would mention thee
Should be divefted of mortality;
No meaner off'rings fhould he bring,
Than what a faint might pen, an angel fing;
Such as with cheerfulnefs thyfelf hadft done,
If in thy lifetime thou hadft known
So bright a theme to write upon:
Tho' thou haft fung of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers mighty things,

Enjoy (inimitable Bard!)
Of all thy pleaſant toil the ſweet reward,
And ever venerable be,
Till the unthinking world ſhall once more lie
Immers'd in her firſt chaos of barbarity:
A curſe now to be dreaded, for with thee
Dy'd all the lovely decencies of poetry.

THO. FLATMAN.

### TO THE MEMORY

## OF THE AUTHOR.

To fertile wits and plants of fruitful kind
Impartial Nature the ſame laws aſſign'd;
Both have their ſpring before they reach their prime,
A time to bloſſom, and a bearing time:
An early bloom to both has fatal been;
Thoſe ſooneſt fade, whoſe verdure firſt was ſeen.
Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward Cowley held a laſting date:
For Envy's blaſt, and pow'rful Time, too ſtrong,
He bloſſom'd early, and he flouriſh'd long:
In whom the double miracle was ſeen,
Ripe in his ſpring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feaſt of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, tranſplanted to the ſkies,
In verdure with th' Elyſian garden vies,
The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradiſe.

Thus faint our ſtrongeſt metaphors muſt be,
Thus unproportion'd to thy Muſe and thee.
Thoſe flowers, that did in thy rich garden ſmile,
Wither, tranſplanted to another ſoil.
Thus Orpheus' harp that did wild beaſts command,
Had loſt its force in any other hand.
Saul's frantic rage harmonious ſounds obey'd,
His rage was charm'd, but 'twas when David play'd.
The artleſs ſince have touch'd thy ſacred lyre;
We have thy numbers, but we want thy fire.
Horace and Virgil, where they brighteſt ſhin'd,
Prov'd but thy ore, and were by thee refin'd:
The conquerors that from the general flame
Sav'd Pindar's roof, deſerv'd a laſting name,
A greater thou, that didſt preſerve his fame.
A dark and huddled chaos long he lay,
Till thy diviner genius' pow'rful ray
Diſpers'd the miſts of night, and gave him day.
No miſts of time can make thy verſe leſs bright,
Thou ſhin'ſt like Phœbus with unborrow'd light.
Henceforth no Phœbus we'll invoke, but thee;
Auſpicious to thy poor ſurvivors be!
Who unrewarded plow the Muſes' ſoil,
Our labour all the harveſt of our toil;
And in excuſe of fancies flag'd and tir'd,
Can only ſay, Auguſtus * is expir'd.

* Written juſt when King Charles was dead.

ON MR. COWLEY'S

# JUVENILE POEMS,

AND THE

# TRANSLATION OF HIS PLANTARUM.

A PINDARIC.

1.

When young Alcides in his cradle lay,
And grasp'd in both his infant hands,
Broke from the nurse's feeble bands,
The bloody gasping prey,
Aloft he those first trophies bore,
And squeezes out their pois'nous gore;
The women shriek'd with wild amaze,
The men as much affrighted gaze;
But had the wise Tiresias come
Into the crowded room,
With deep prophetic joy
He'ad heard the conquests of the godlike boy,
And sung in sacred rage
What ravenous men, and beasts engage:
Hence he'd propitious omens take,
And from the triumphs of his infancy
Portend his future victory
O'er the foul serpent welt'ring wide in Lerna's dreadful lake.

II.

Alcides Pindar, Pindar Cowley ſings,
And while they ſtrike the vocal ſtrings,
To either both new honours brings.
But who ſhall now the mighty taſk ſuſtain?
And now our Hercules is there,
What Atlas can Olympus bear?
What mortal undergo th' unequal pain?
But 'tis a glorious fate
To fall with ſuch a weight,
Tho' with unhallowed fingers, I
Will touch the ark, altho' I die.
Forgive me, O thou ſhining Shade!
Forgive a fault which Love has made.
Thus I my ſaucy kindneſs mourn,
Which yet I can't repent,
Before thy ſacred monument,
And moiſten with my tears thy wondrous urn.

III.

Begin, begin, my Muſe! thy noble choir,
And aim at ſomething worthy Pindar's lyre;
Within thy breaſt excite the kindling fire,
And fan it with thy voice!
Cowley does to Jove belong,
Jove and Cowley claim my ſong.
Theſe fair firſt-fruits of wit young Cowley bore,
Which promis'd if the happy tree
Should ever reach maturity,
To bleſs the world with better and with more.

Thus in the kernel of the largeſt fruit
Is all the tree in little drawn,
The trunk, the branches, and the root;
Thus a fair day is pictur'd in a lovely dawn.

IV.

Taſſo, a poet in his infancy,
Did hardly earlier riſe than thee,
Nor did he ſhoot ſo far, or ſhine ſo bright,
Or in his dawning beams or noon-day light.
The Muſes did young Cowley raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's ſelf had been thy ſire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre:
Hence ſeeds of numbers in thy ſoul were fix'd,
Deep as the very reaſon there,
No force from thence could numbers tear,
Even with thy being mixt:
And there they lurk'd, till Spenſer's ſacred flame
Leap'd up and kindled thine,
Thy thoughts as regular and fine,
Thy ſoul the ſame,
Like his, to honour and to love inclin'd,
As ſoft thy ſoul, as great thy mind.

V.

Whatever Cowley writes muſt pleaſe;
Sure like the gods he ſpeaks all languages.

Whatever theme by Cowley's Muſe is dreſs'd,
Whatever he'll eſſay,
Or in the ſofter or the nobler way,
He ſtill writes beſt,
If he ever ſtretch his ſtrings
To mighty numbers, mighty things:
So did Virgil's heroes fight,
Such glories wore, tho' not ſo bright.
If he'll paint his noble fire,
Ah! what thoughts his ſongs inſpire!
Vigorous love and gay deſire.
Who would not, Cowley! ruin'd be?
Who would not love that reads, that thinks of thee?
Whether thou in th' old Roman doſt delight,
Or Engliſh, full as ſtrong, to write,
Thy maſter-ſtrokes in both are ſhown,
Cowley in both excels alone,
Virgil of theirs, and Waller of our own.

VI.

But why ſhould the ſoft ſex be robb'd of thee?
Why ſhould not England know
How much ſhe does to Cowley owe?
How much fair Boſcobel's for-ever-ſacred tree?
The hills, the groves, the plains, the woods,
The fields, the meadows, and the floods,
The flow'ry world, where gods and poets uſe
To court a mortal or a Muſe?

It ſhall be done. But who? ah! who, ſhall dare
So vaſt a toil to undergo,
And all the world's juſt cenſure bear,
Thy ſtrength, and their own weakneſs ſhow?
Soft Afra *, who had led our ſhepherds long,
Who long the nymphs and ſwains did guide,
Our envy, her own ſex's pride,
When all her force on this great theme ſhe 'ad try'd,
She ſtrain'd a while to reach th' inimitable ſong,
She ſtrain'd a while, and wiſely dy'd.
Thoſe who ſurvive unhappier be,
Yet thus, great God of Poeſy!
With joy they ſacrifice their fame to thee.

S. WESLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF

## MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY,

AND HIS BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Our wit, till Cowley did its luſtre raiſe,
May be reſembled to the firſt three days,
In which did ſhine only ſuch ſtreaks of light
As ſerv'd but to diſtinguiſh day from night;
But wit breaks forth in all that he has done,
Like light when 'twas united in the ſun.
The poets formerly did lie in wait
To rifle thoſe whom they would imitate:

* Mrs. A. Behn.

We watch'd to rob all ſtrangers when they writ,
And learn'd their language but to ſteal their wit:
He from that need his country does redeem,
Since thoſe who want may be ſupply'd from him;
And foreign nations now may borrow more
From Cowley, than we could from them before:
Who, tho' he condeſcended to admit
The Greeks and Romans for his guides in wit,
Yet he thoſe ancient poets does purſue
But as the Spaniards great Columbus do;
He taught them firſt to the New World to ſteer,
But they poſſeſs all that is precious there.
When firſt his ſpring of wit began to flow,
It rais'd in ſome wonder and ſorrow too,
That God had ſo much wit and knowledge lent,
And that they were not in his praiſes ſpent.
But thoſe who in his Davideis look,
Find they his bloſſoms for his fruit miſtook:
In diff'ring ages diff'rent Muſes ſhin'd,
His green did charm the ſenſe, his ripe the mind.
Writing for Heav'n, he was inſpir'd from thence,
And from his theme deriv'd his influence.
The Scripture will no more the wicked fright;
His Muſe does make religion a delight.
O how ſeverely man is us'd by Fate!
The covetous toil long for an eſtate,
And having got more than their life can ſpend,
They may bequeath it to a ſon or friend;

But learning (in which none can have a ſhare,
Unleſs they climb to it by time and care;
Learning, the trueſt wealth which man can have)
Does, with his body, periſh in his grave:
To tenements of clay it is confin'd,
Tho' 'tis the nobleſt purchaſe of the mind:
O why can we thus leave our friends poſſeſs'd
Of all our acquiſitions but the beſt?
Still when we ſtudy Cowley, we lament
That to the world he was no longer lent,
Who like a lightning to our eyes was ſhown,
So bright he ſhin'd, and was ſo quickly gone.
Sure he rejoic'd to ſee his flame expire,
Since he himſelf could not have rais'd it higher;
For when wiſe poets can no higher fly,
They would, like ſaints, in their perfection die.
Tho' Beauty ſome affection in him bred,
Yet only ſacred Learning he would wed,
By which th' illuſtrious offspring of his brain
Shall over Wit's great empire ever reign:
His works ſhall live when pyramids of pride
Shrink to ſuch aſhes as they long did hide.
That ſacrilegious fire (which did laſt year
Level thoſe piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that majeſtic church to fly,
Where Engliſh kings and Engliſh poets lie;
It at an awful diſtance did expire;
Such pow'r had ſacred aſhes o'er that fire;

Such, as it durſt not near that ſtructure come,
Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb;
And 'twill be ſtill preſerv'd by being ſo,
From what the rage of future flames can do.
Material fire dares not that place infeſt
Where he who had immortal flame does reſt.
There let his urn remain, for it was fit
Amongſt our kings to lay the King of Wit;
By which the ſtructure more renown'd will prove
For that part bury'd, than for all above.

## ODE

### UPON THE DEATH OF

## MR. COWLEY.

I.

He who would worthily adorn his herſe,
Should write in his own way, in his immortal verſe;
But who can ſuch majeſtic numbers write,
With ſuch inimitable light?
His high and noble flights to reach,
'Tis not the art of precept that can teach:
The world's grown old ſince Pindar, and to breed
Another ſuch did twenty ages need.

II.

At laſt another Pindar came,
Great as the firſt in genius and in fame;

But that the firſt in Greek, a conqu'ring language, ſung,
And the laſt wrote but in an iſland tongue.
Wit, thought, invention, in them both do flow,
As torrents tumbling from the mountains go.
Tho' the great Roman lyric do maintain
That none can equal Pindar's ſtrain,
Cowley with words as full and thoughts as high
As ever Pindar did, does fly;
Of kings and heroes he as boldly ſings,
And flies above the clouds, yet never wets his wings.

III.

As fire aſpiring, as the ſea profound,
Nothing in Nature can his fancy bound;
As ſwift as lightning in its courſe,
And as reſiſtleſs in his force.
Whilſt other poets, like bees who range the field
To gather what the flow'rs will yield,
Glean matter with much toil and pain,
To bring forth verſes in an humble ſtrain,
He ſees about him round,
Poſſeſs'd at once of all that can be found:
To his illuminated eye
All things created open lie;
That all his thoughts ſo clear and ſo perſpicuous be,
That whatſoever he deſcribes we ſee;
Our ſouls are with his paſſions fir'd,
And he who does but read him is inſpir'd.

IV.

Pindar to Thebes, where firſt he drew his breath,
Tho' for his ſake his race was ſav'd from death
By th' Macedonian youth, did not more honour
Than Cowley does his friends and country too.
Had Horace liv'd his wit to underſtand, [land;
He ne'er had England thought a rude inhoſpitable
Rome might have bluſh'd, and Athens been aſham'd,
To hear a remote Britain nam'd,
Who for his parts does match, if not exceed,
The greateſt men that they did either breed.

V.

If he had flouriſh'd when Auguſtus ſway'd,
Whoſe peaceful ſceptre the whole world obey'd,
Account of him Mecænas would have made,
And from the country ſhade
Him into the cabinet have ta'en
To divert Cæſar's cares and charm his pain;
For nothing can ſuch balm infuſe
Into a wearied mind, as does a noble Muſe.

VI.

It is not now as 'twas in former days,
When all the ſtreets of Rome were ſtrow'd with bays
To receive Petrarch, who thro' arches rode,
Triumphal arches! honour'd as a demi-god,
Not for towns conquer'd, or for battles won,
But vict'ries which were more his own;

For victories of Wit, and victories of Art,
In which blind undiſcerning Fortune had no part.

VII.

Tho' Cowley ne'er ſuch honours did attain,
As long as Petrarch's Cowley's name ſhall reign;
'Tis but his droſs that's in the grave,
His mem'ry Fame from death ſhall ſave;
His bays ſhall flouriſh, and be ever green,
When thoſe of conqu'rors are not to be ſeen.

Nec tibi mors ipſa ſuperſtes erit.

THO^S. HIGGONS.

## ON MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S

### DEATH AND BURIAL

## AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

### BY THE HON. SIR JOHN DENHAM.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning ſtar,
To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenſer roſe,
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhows;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inſpires;
By Shakeſpeare, Johnſon, Fletcher's lines,
Our ſtage's luſtre Rome's outſhines:
Theſe poets near our princes ſleep,
And in one grave their manſion keep;
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
Till Time had blaſted all their bays;
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the faireſt, ſweeteſt, flow'r
That in the Muſes' garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley ſcarce did ripeneſs give.

Old mother Wit and Nature gave
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenſer and in Johnſon, Art
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happieſt ſhare.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben. Johnſon, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman ſtores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's ſtate
He did not ſteal, but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jaſon, brought the Golden Fleece:
To him that language (tho' to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff gale (as Flaccus ſings)
The Theban ſwan extends his wings,
When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies:
To the ſame pitch our ſwan doth riſe;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are ſtretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,

His ſevere judgment (giving law)
His modeſt fancy kept in awe;
As rigid huſbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His Engliſh ſtream ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw and taſted know;
But for his Latin vein, ſo clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear:
Of that great portraiture, ſo true
A copy pencil never drew.
My Muſe her ſong had ended here,
But both her Genii ſtraight appear;
Joy and amazement her did ſtrike,
Two twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like;
Such a reſemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And ſhew the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books,
Their works chaſte, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They gilding dirt, in noble verſe
Ruſtic philoſophy rehearſe:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour ſhin'd;

Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſy throng retire:
Their bodies to their minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet tho' both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor fate their bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercaſt.

## ELEGIA DEDICATORIA,

*Ad illuſtriſſimam academiam*

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

Hoc tibi de nato ditiſſima Mater egeno
Exiguum immenſi pignus Amoris habe.
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Aſtringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Túne tui poteris vocem hîc agnoſcere Nati
Tam malè formatam, diſſimilemq; tuæ?
Túne hîc materni veſtigia ſacra decoris,
Tu Speculum poteris hìc reperire tuum?
Poſt longum, dices, Cowlei, ſic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi ſperanti, perfide, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemuréſq; Deæq; nocentes
Hunc mihi in Infantis ſuppoſuêre loco?
At Tu, ſancta Parens, crudelis tu quoque Nati
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid Fato Genetrix accedis iniquo?
Sit Sors, ſed non ſis Ipſa Noverca mihi.
Si mihi natali Muſarum adoleſcere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare ſolo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuiſſet pleniùs undâ
Haurire, ingentem ſi ſatiare ſitim,
Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
Nec legeres Nomen fuſa rubore meum.
Scis benè, ſcis quæ me Tempeſtas publica Mundi

Raptatrix veſtro ſuſtulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poſcentem querulo murmure Lactis opem.
Sic quondam aerium Vento bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum Autumnum ſæva flagellat Hyems,
Immatura ſuâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
Et vi victa cadunt; Arbor et ipſa gemit.
Nondum ſuccus ineſt terræ generoſus avitæ,
Nondum Sol roſeo redditur ore Pater.
O mihi jucundum Grantæ ſuper omnia Nomen!
O penitùs toto corde receptus Amor!
O pulchræ ſine Luxu Ædes, vitæq; beatæ,
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuúſq; decor!
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine Regum
Digna Domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!
O nimium Cereris cumulati munere Campi,
Poſthabitis Ennæ quos colit illa jugis!
O ſacri Fontes! et ſacræ Vatibus Umbræ,
Quas recreant Avium Pieridùmque chori!
O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis!
Amnibus auriferis invidioſus inops!
Ah mihi ſi veſtræ reddat bona gaudia ſedis,
Detque Deus doctâ poſſe quiete frui;
Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente ſedentem
Vidiſti in ripâ, Came ſerene, tuâ;
Mulcentem audiſti puerili flumina cantu;
Ille quidem immerito, ſed tibi gratus erat.
Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque

Dignatum eſt totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitiſque ſimul mea vita diebus,
Et ſimilis veſtræ candida fluxit aquæ.
At nunc cænoſæ luces, atque obice multo
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
Quid mihi Sequanâ opus, Tameſiſve aut Tybridis unda?
Tu potis es noſtram tollere, Came, ſitim.
Fœlix qui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!
Quique eadem Salicis littora more colit!
Fœlix cui non tentatus ſordeſcere Mundus,
Et cui Pauperies nota nitere poteſt!
Tempore cui nullo miſera experientia conſtat,
Ut res humanas ſentiat eſſe Nihil!
At nos exemplis Fortuna inſtruxit opimis,
Et documentorum ſatque ſuperqúe dedit.
Cum Capite avulſum Diadema, infractáque Sceptra,
Contuſaſque Hominum Sorte minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, et non tractabile Fatum,
Et verſas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
Quis poterit fragilem poſt talia credere puppim
Infami ſcopulis naufragiiſque Mari?
Tu quoque in hoc Terræ tremuiſti, Academia, Motu,
(Nec fruſtrâ) atque ædes contremuêre tuæ.
Contremuêre ipſæ pacatæ Palladis arces;
Et timuit Fulmen Laurea ſancta novum.
Ah quanquam iratum, peſtem hanc avertere Numen,
Nec ſaltem Bellis iſta licere, velit!
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; et ecce, perimus!

In nos jus habeat: jus habet omne malum.
Tu ſtabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes; nec tibi Mars ipſa ſuperſtes erit.
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formoſas mittes ad mare Mortis aquas.
Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea ſaucia dextrâ,
(Namque ſolent ipſis Bella nocere Deis)
Imploravit opem ſuperûm, queſtúſque cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris? contemne breves ſecura dolores;
Nam tibi ferre Necem vulnera nulla valent.

# MISCELLANIES.

## CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I.

I SING two conſtant lovers' various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their loves, their rivals' envy, parents' hate;
I ſing their woeful life and tragic end.
Aid me, ye Gods! this ſtory to rehearſe,
This mournful tale, and favour every verſe.

II.

In Florence, for her ſtately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofs that emulate the ſky,
There dwelt a lovely maid, Conſtantia nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy;
Her laviſh Nature did at firſt adorn
With Pallas' ſoul in Cytherea's form.

III.

And framing her attractive eyes ſo bright,
Spent all her wit in ſtudy, that they might
Keep earth from Chaos and eternal Night;
But envious Death deſtroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty, then, ſince ſhe did part,
For in her Nature waſted all her art.

IV.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are
A crown to Phœbus, and her breath ſo ſweet,
It did tranſcend Arabian odours far,
Or ſmelling flow'rs, wherewith the Spring does greet
Approaching Summer; teeth like falling ſnow
For white, were placed in a double row.

V.

Her wit excelling praiſe, ev'n all admire;
Her ſpeech was ſo attractive, it might be
A cauſe to raiſe the mighty Pallas' ire,
And ſtir up envy from that deity.
The maiden-lilies at her ſight
Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew white.

VI.

She was in birth and parentage as high,
As in her fortune great or beauty rare,
And to her virtuous mind's nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her ſpotleſs ſoul and lovely face
You might have ſeen each deity and grace.

VII.

A ſcornful boy, Adonis, viewing her,
Would Venus ſtill deſpiſe, yet her deſire;
Each who but ſaw was a competitor
And rival, ſcorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.
The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move
And light beholders on their way to love.

VIII.

Among her many ſuitors a young knight,
'Bove others wounded with the majeſty
Of her fair preſence, preſſeth moſt in ſight;
Yet ſeldom his deſire can ſatisfy
With that bleſs'd object, or her rareneſs ſee;
For Beauty's guard is watchful Jealouſy.

IX.

Oft-times, that he might ſee his deareſt fair,
Upon his ſtately jennet he in th' way
Rides by her houſe, who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright Conſtantia:
But his poor maſter, tho' he ſee her move
His joy, dares ſhew no look betraying love.

X.

Soon as the Morning left her roſy bed,
And all heav'n's ſmaller lights were driv'n away,
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,
Like other maids, would walk at break of day:
Aurora bluſh'd to ſee a ſight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

XI.

Th' obſequious lover follows ſtill her train,
And where they go that way his journey feigns:
Should they turn back, he would turn back again,
For with his love his buſineſs ſtill remains.
Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loath to part
From her, whoſe eyes had ſtole away his heart.

XII.

Philetus he was call'd, ſprung from a race
Of noble anceſtors; but greedy Time
And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great ſtock did ſhine:
Small his eſtate, unfitting her degree;
But blinded Love could no ſuch diff'rence ſee.

XIII.

Yet he by chance had hit this heart aright,
And dipp'd his arrow in Conſtantia's eyes,
Blowing a fire that would deſtroy him quite,
Unleſs ſuch flames within her heart ſhould riſe:
But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,
Tho' he have ſhot him right her heart he'll miſs.

XIV.

Unto Love's altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleaſing ſacrifice,
Entreating Cupid, with inducing pray'rs,
To look upon and eaſe his miſeries;
Where having pray'd, recov'ring breath again,
Thus to immortal Love he did complain:

XV.

" Oh! mighty Cupid! whoſe unbounded ſway
" Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,
" Whom all celeſtial deities obey,
" Whom men and gods both reverence and fear!
" Oh! force Conſtantia's heart to yield to love;
" Of all thy works the maſterpiece 'twill prove.

XVI.

" And let me not affection vainly ſpend,
" But kindle flames in her like thoſe in me;
" Yet if that gift my fortune doth tranſcend,
" Grant that her charming beauty I may ſee;
" For ever view thoſe eyes, whoſe charming light
" More than the world beſides does pleaſe my ſight.

XVII.

" Thoſe who contemn thy ſacred deity,
" Laugh at thy pow'r, make them thine anger know;
" I faultleſs am; what honour can it be
" Only to wound your ſlave, and ſpare your foe?"
Here tears and ſighs ſpeak his imperfect moan,
In language far more moving than his own.

XVIII.

Home he retir'd; his ſoul he brought not home;
Juſt like a ſhip, while every mounting wave,
Toſs'd by enraged Boreas up and down,
Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave;
Such did his caſe, ſuch did his ſtate appear,
Alike diſtracted between hope and fear.

XIX.

Thinking her love he never ſhall obtain,
One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain
Of his unhappy fate; but all in vain;
And thus fond Echo anſwers him again.
It mov'd Aurora, and ſhe wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant graſs with many a tear.

## XX.

### ECHO.

" Oh! what hath caus'd my killing miſeries?"
" Eyes," Echo ſaid. " What has detain'd my eaſe?"
" Eaſe," ſtraight the reaſonable nymph replies;
" That nothing can my troubled mind appeaſe."
" Peace," Echo anſwers. " What, is any nigh?"
Philetus ſaid; ſhe quickly utters, " Aye."

## XXI.

" Is't Echo anſwers? tell me then thy will:"
" I will," ſhe ſaid. " What ſhall I get," ſays he,
" By loving ſtill?" to which ſhe anſwers, " Ill."
" Ill? ſhall I void of wiſh'd-for pleaſure die?"
" Aye." " Shall not I, who toil in ceaſeleſs pain,
" Some pleaſure know?" " No," ſhe returns again.

## XXII.

" Falſe and inconſtant Nymph! thou ly'ſt," ſaid he.
" Thou ly'ſt," ſhe ſaid: " and I deſerv'd her hate,
" If I ſhould thee believe." " Believe," ſaid ſhe.
" For why? thy words are of no weight."
" Weight," ſhe anſwers. " Therefore I'll depart."
To which reſounding Echo anſwers, " Part."

## XXIII.

Then from the woods with wounded heart he goes,
Filling with legions of freſh thoughts his mind:
He quarrels with himſelf, becauſe his woes
Spring from himſelf, yet can no med'cine find:
He weeps to quench thoſe fires that burn in him,
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

XXIV.

No morning baniſh'd darkneſs, nor black Night,
By her alternate courſe, expell'd the day
In which Philetus by a conſtant rite
At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,
But care and ſorrow was his only gain.

XXV.

But now, at laſt, the pitying god, o'ercome
By conſtant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart
A golden ſhaft; and ſhe is now become
A ſuppliant to Love, that with like dart
He'd wound Philetus; does with tears implore
Aid from that pow'r ſhe ſo much ſcorn'd before.

XXVI.

Little ſhe thinks ſhe kept Philetus' heart
In her ſcorch'd breaſt, becauſe her own ſhe gave
To him. Since either ſuffers equal ſmart,
And a like meaſure in their torments have,
His ſoul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are grown;
Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone.

XXVII.

Whilſt thoughts 'gainſt thoughts riſe up in mutiny,
She took a lute (being far from any ears)
And tun'd her ſong, poſing that harmony
Which poets attribute to heav'nly ſpheres.
Thus had ſhe ſung when her dear love was ſlain,
She'd ſurely call'd him back from Styx again.

XXVIII.

SONG.

" To whom ſhall I my ſorrows ſhew?
Not to Love, for he is blind,
And my Philetus doth not know
The inward torment of my mind:
And all the ſenſeleſs walls which are
Now round about me cannot hear.

XXIX.

For if they could they ſure would weep,
And with my griefs relent,
Unleſs their willing tears they keep
Till I from earth am ſent:
Then I believe they'll all deplore
My fate, ſince I taught them before.

XXX.

I willingly would keep my ſtore,
If the flood would land thy love,
My dear Philetus! on the ſhore
Of my heart; but ſhouldſt thou prove
Afraid of flames, know the fires are
But bonfires for thy coming there."

XXXI.

Then tears, in envy of her ſpeech, did flow
From her fair eyes, as if it ſeem'd that there
Her burning flame had melted hills of ſnow,
And ſo diſſolv'd them into many a tear;
Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
And quickly caus'd new ſerpent-griefs to grow.

XXXII.

Here ſtay, my Muſe! for if I ſhould recite
Her mournful language, I ſhould make you weep,
Like her, a flood, and ſo not ſee to write
Such lines as I and th' age requires, to keep
Me from ſtern Death, or with victorious ryhme
Revenge their maſter's death and conquer Time.

XXXIII.

By this time Chance, and his own induſtry,
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her brother, ſo that he
Might, by this means, his bright Conſtantia view,
And, as time ſerv'd, ſhew her his miſery:
This was the firſt act in his tragedy.

XXXIV.

Thus to himſelf, ſooth'd by his flattering ſtate,
He ſaid; " How ſhall I thank thee for this gain,
" O Cupid! or reward my helping Fate,
" Which ſweetens all my ſorrows, all my pain?
" What huſbandman would any pains refuſe,
" To reap at laſt ſuch fruit his labours uſe?"

XXXV.

But when he wiſely weigh'd his doubtful ſtate,
Seeing his griefs link'd, like an endleſs chain,
To following woes, he would, when 'twas too late,
Quench his hot flames, and idle love diſdain;
But Cupid, when his heart was ſet on fire,
Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

XXXVI.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates
(So was her brother call'd) grew ſoon ſo dear,
So true and conſtant in their amities,
And in that league ſo ſtrictly joined were,
That death itſelf could not their friendſhip ſever,
But as they liv'd in love they dy'd together.

XXXVII.

If one be melancholy, th' other's ſad;
If one be ſick, the other's ſurely ill;
And if Philetus any ſorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it ſtill;
Pylades' ſoul and mad Oreſtes' was
In theſe, if we believe Pythagoras.

XXXVIII.

Oft' in the woods Philetus walks, and there
Exclaims againſt his fate, fate too unkind;
With ſpeaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
And with ſad ſighs inſtructs the angry wind
To ſigh, and did ev'n upon that prevail;
It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

XXXIX.

The cryſtal brooks, which gently run between
The ſhadowing trees, and as they thro' them paſs
Water the earth, and keep the meadows green,
Giving a colour to the verdant graſs,
Hearing Philetus tell his woeful ſtate,
In ſhew of grief ran murm'ring at his fate.

XL.

Philomel anſwers him again, and ſhews,
In her beſt language, her ſad hiſtory,
And in a mournful ſweetneſs tells her woes,
Denying to be pos'd in miſery:
Conſtantia he, ſhe Tereus, Tereus cries,
With him both grief, and grief's expreſſion, vies.

XLI.

Philocrates muſt needs his ſadneſs know,
Willing in ills as well as joys to ſhare,
Nor will on them the name of friends beſtow,
Who in light ſport, not ſorrow, partners are:
Who leaves to guide the ſhip when ſtorms ariſe,
Is guilty both of ſin and cowardice.

XLII.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he
Yielded to tyrant Paſſion more and more,
Deſirous to partake his malady,
He watches him in hope to cure his ſore
By counſel, and recall the pois'nous dart,
When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

XLIII.

When in the woods, places beſt fit for care,
He to himſelf did his paſt griefs recite,
Th obſequious friend ſtraight follows him, and there
Doth hide himſelf from ſad Philetus' ſight;
Who thus exclaims, for a ſwoln heart would break,
If it for vent of ſorrow might not ſpeak.

XLIV.

" Oh! I am loſt, not in this deſert wood,
" But in Love's pathleſs labyrinth; there I
" My health, each joy and pleaſure counted good,
" Have loſt, and, which is more, my liberty,
" And now am forc'd to let him ſacrifice
" My heart, for raſh believing of my eyes.

XLV.

" Long have I ſtaid, but yet have no relief,
" Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour ſhown,
" Becauſe ſhe knows not of my killing grief,
" And I have fear'd to make my ſorrows known.
" For why? alas! if ſhe ſhould once but dart
" Diſdainful looks,'twould break my captiv'd heart.

XLVI.

" But how ſhould ſhe, ere I impart my love,
" Reward my ardent flame with like deſire?
" But when I ſpeak, if ſhe ſhould angry prove,
" Laugh at my flowing tears, and ſcorn my fire;
" Why, he who hath all ſorrows borne before,
" Needeth not fear to be oppreſs'd with more."

XLVII.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and, ſighing, " Oh!" ſaid he,
" My dear Philetus! be thyſelf, and ſwear
" To rule that paſſion which now maſters thee,
" And all thy reaſon; but if it can't be,
" Give to thy love but eyes, that it may ſee."

XLVIII.

Amazement ſtrikes him dumb; what ſhall he do?
Should he reveal his love, he fears 'twould prove
A hind'rance; and ſhould he deny to ſhew,
It might perhaps his dear friend's anger move:
Theſe doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis, ſtand,
While Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

XLIX.

At laſt reſolv'd; "How ſhall I ſeek," ſaid he,
"T' excuſe myſelf, deareſt Philocrates!
"That I from thee have hid this ſecreſy?
"Yet cenſure not, give me firſt leave to eaſe
"My eaſe with words; my grief you ſhould have known
"Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

L.

"I am all love; my heart was burnt with fire
"From two bright ſuns, which do all light diſcloſe;
"Firſt kindling in my breaſt the flame, deſire;
"But, like the rare Arabian bird, there roſe
"From my heart's aſhes never-quenched love,
"Which now this torment in my ſoul doth move.

LI.

"Oh! let not then my paſſion cauſe your hate,
"Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
"Your ancient friendſhip; 'tis, alas! too late
"To call my firm affection back again:
"No phyſic can recure my weaken'd ſtate;
"The wound is grown too great, too deſperate."

LII.

" But counſel," ſaid his friend, " a remedy
" Which never fails the patient, may at le aſt,
" If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,
" Aſſwage your torment, and procure ſome reſt;
" But there is no phyſician can apply
" A med'cine ere he know the malady."

LIII.

" Then hear me," ſaid Philetus. " But why? ſtay,
" I will not toil thee with my hiſtory;
" For to remember ſorrows paſt away,
" Is to renew an old calamity.
" He who acquainteth others with his moan,
" Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his own."

LIV.

" But," ſaid Philocrates, " 'tis beſt in woe
" To have a faithful partner of their care;
" That burthen may be undergone by two,
" Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
" I ſhould miſtruſt your love, to hide from me
" Your thoughts, and tax you of inconſtancy."

LV.

What ſhall he do? or with what language frame
Excuſe? he muſt reſolve not to deny,
But open his cloſe thoughts and inward flame.
With that, as prologue to his tragedy,
He ſigh'd, as if they'd cool his torment's ire,
When they, alas! did blow the raging fire.

LVI.

" When years firſt ſtyl'd me twenty, I began
" To ſport with catching ſnare that Love had ſet,
" Like birds that flutter round the gin till ta'en,
" Or the poor fly caught in Arachne's net:
" Ev'n ſo I ſported with her beauties light,
" Till I at laſt grew blind with too much ſight.

LVII.

" Firſt it came ſtealing on me, whilſt I thought
" 'Twas eaſy to repel it; but as fire,
" Tho' but a ſpark, ſoon into flames is brought,
" So mine grew great, and quickly mounted high'r;
" Which ſo has ſcorch'd my love-ſtruck ſoul, that I
" Still live in torment, yet each minute die."

LVIII.

" Who is it," ſaid Philocrates, " can move
" With charming eyes ſuch deep affection?
" I may, perhaps, aſſiſt you in your love;
" Two can affect more than yourſelf alone.
" My counſel this thy error may reclaim,
" Or my ſalt tears quench thy deſtructive flame."

LIX.

" Nay," ſaid Philetus, " oft' my eyes do flow
" Like Nilus, when it ſcorns the oppos'd ſhore,
" Yet all the watry plenty I beſtow
" Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more.
" So Fame reports of the Dodonean ſpring,
" That lightens all thoſe which are put therein.

LX.

" But being you deſire to know her, ſhe
" Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a ſhower,
" As if they fain would drown the memory
" Of his life-keeper's name) Conſtantia!" More
Grief would not let him utter; tears, the beſt
Expreſſers of true ſorrows, ſpoke the reſt.

LXI.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
" And was this all! whate'er your grief would eaſe,
" Tho' a far greater taſk, believe 't for thee
" It ſhould be ſoon done by Philocrates;
" Think all you wiſh perform'd; but ſee, the day,
" Tir'd with its heat, is haſt'ning now away."

LXII.

Home from the ſilent woods Night bids them go,
But ſad Philetus can no comfort find;
What in the day he fears of future woe,
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
Why doſt thou vex him, Love? couldſt thou but ſee,
Thou wouldſt thyſelf Philetus' rival be.

LXIII.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,
And wounded with the ſorrows of his friend,
Brings him to fair Conſtantia, where alone
He might impart his love, and either end
His fruitleſs hopes, nipp'd by her coy diſdain,
Or by her liking his wiſh'd joys attain.

LXIV.

“ Faireſt!” ſaid he, “whom the bright heav’ns do cover,
“ Do not theſe tears, theſe ſpeaking tears! deſpiſe,
“ Theſe heaving ſighs of a ſubmiſſive lover,
“ Thus ſtruck to th’ earth by your all-dazzling eyes;
“ And do not you condemn that ardent flame
“ Which from yourſelf, your own fair beauty, came.

LXV.

“ Truſt me, I long have hid my love, but now
“ Am forc’d to ſhew ’t, ſuch is my inward ſmart;
“ And you alone, fair Saint! the means do know
“ To heal the wound of my conſuming heart:
“ Then ſince it only in your pow’r doth lie
“ To kill or ſave, oh! help; or elſe I die.”

LXVI.

His gently cruel love did thus reply;
“ I for your pain am grieved, and would do,
“ Without impeachment of my chaſtity
“ And honour, any thing might pleaſure you;
“ But if beyond thoſe limits you demand,
“ I muſt not anſwer, Sir, nor underſtand.”

LXVII.

“ Believe me, virtuous Maiden! my deſire
“ Is chaſte and pious as thy virgin-thought,
“ No flaſh of luſt, ’tis no diſhoneſt fire,
“ Which goes as ſoon as it was quickly brought;
“ But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
“ Eclipſed by diſdain and cruelty.”

LXVIII.

" Oh! how ſhall I reply?" ſhe cry'd; " thou'ſt won
" My ſoul, and therefore take thy victory:
" Thy eyes and ſpeeches have my heart o'ercome,
" And if I ſhould deny thee love, then I
" Should be tyrant to myſelf; that fire
" Which is kept cloſe burns with the greateſt ire.

LXIX.

" Yet do not count my yielding lightneſs now;
" Impute it rather to my ardent love;
" Thy pleaſing carriage won me long ago,
" And pleading Beauty did my liking move:
" Thy eyes, which draw like loadſtones with their might
" The hardeſt hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

LXX.

" Oh! I am rapt above the reach," ſaid he,
" Of thought; my ſoul already feels the bliſs
" Of heav'n. When, Sweet! my thoughts once tax but
" With any crime, may I loſe all happineſs [thee
" It wiſh'd for; both your favour here, and dead;
" May the juſt gods pour vengeance on my head."

LXXI.

Whilſt he was ſpeaking this (behold their fate!)
Conſtantia's father enter'd in the room,
When glad Philetus, ignorant of his ſtate,
Kiſſes her cheeks, more red than ſetting ſun,
Or elſe the Morn, bluſhing thro' clouds of water,
To ſee aſcending Sol congratulate her.

LXXII.

Juſt as the guilty priſoner fearful ſtands,
Reading his fatal Theta in the brows
Of him who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the ſad ſentence knows;
Such was his ſtate to ſee her father come,
Nor wiſh'd for, nor expected, in the room.

LXXIII.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intruſion in that houſe, nor be
At any time with his lov'd daughter there,
Till he had given him ſuch authority:
But to depart, ſince ſhe her love did ſhew him,
Was living death, with ling'ring torments, to him.

LXXIV.

This being known to kind Philocrates,
He cheers his friend, bidding him baniſh fear,
And by ſome letter his griev'd mind appeaſe,
And ſhew her that which to her friendly ear
Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
Declares to her the abſent lover's will.

LETTER. PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

"I TRUST, dear Soul! my abſence cannot move
"You to forget, or doubt my ardent love;
"For were there any means to ſee you, I
"Would run thro' death, and all the miſery
"Fate could inflict, that ſo the world might ſay,
"In life and death I lov'd Conſtantia.

"Then let not, deareſt Sweet! our abſence part
"Our loves, but each breaſt keep the other's heart;
"Give warmth to one another, till there riſe
"From all our labours and our induſtries
"The long-expected fruits. Have patience, Sweet!
"There's no man whom the ſummer-pleaſures greet
"Before he taſte the winter; none can ſay,
"Ere night was gone, he ſaw the riſing day.
"So when we once have waſted Sorrow's night,
"The ſun of comfort then ſhall give us light."

PHILETUS.

LXXV.

This when Conſtantia read, ſhe thought her ſtate
Moſt happy by Philetus' conſtancy
And perfect love: ſhe thanks her flatt'ring fate,
Kiſſes the paper, till with kiſſing ſhe
The welcome characters doth dull and ſtain,
Then thus with ink and tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

"Your abſence, Sir, tho' it be long, yet I
"Neither forget, nor doubt your conſtancy:
"Nor need you fear that I ſhould yield unto
"Another what to your true love is due.
"My heart is your's; it is not in my claim,
"Nor have I pow'r to take it back again.
"There's nought but death can part our ſouls: no time,
"Or angry friends, ſhall make my love decline:

" But for the harveſt of our hopes I'll ſtay,
" Unleſs Death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away."

CONSTANTIA.

LXXVI.

Oh! how this letter ſeem'd to raiſe his pride!
Prouder was he of this than Phaeton,
When he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,
Unknowing of the danger was to come:
Prouder than Jaſon, when from Colchos he
Returned with the Fleece's victory.

LXXVII.

But ere the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,
Had paid the ſweating ploughman's greedieſt prayer,
And by the fall diſrob'd the gaudy ground
Of all thoſe ornaments it us'd to wear,
Them kind Phil'crates to each other brought,
Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom wrought.

LXXVIII.

" Sweet fair one!" ſaid Philetus, " ſince the time
" Favours our wiſh, and does afford us leave
" T' enjoy our loves, oh! let us not reſign
" This long'd-for favour, nor ourſelves bereave
" Of what we wiſh'd for, opportunity,
" That may too ſoon the wings of Love outfly:

LXXIX.

" For when your father, as his cuſtom is,
" For pleaſure doth purſue the tim'rous hare,

" If you'll reſort but thither, I'll not miſs
" To be in thoſe woods ready for you, where
" We may depart in ſafety, and no more
" With dreams of pleaſure only heal our ſore."

LXXX.

To this the happy lovers ſoon agree;
But ere they part Philetus begs to hear,
From her enchanting voice's melody,
One ſong to ſatisfy his longing ear:
She yields; and, ſinging, added to deſire:
The liſt'ning youth increas'd his am'rous fire.

SONG.

I.

" TIME! fly with greater ſpeed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haſte in flying brings
That wiſh'd-for and expected day.

2.

Comforts, Sun! we then ſhall ſee,
Tho' at firſt it darken'd be
With dangers, yet thoſe clouds but gone,
Our Day will put his luſtre on.

3.

Then tho' Death's ſad night appear,
And we in lonely ſilence reſt,
Our raviſh'd ſouls no more ſhall fear,
But with laſting day be bleſt.

4.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power.
Thus there's nothing can diſſever
Hearts which Love hath join'd together."

LXXXI.

Fear of being ſeen Philetus homeward drove;
But ere they part ſhe willingly doth give
(As faithful pledges of her conſtant love)
Many a ſoft kiſs; then they each other leave,
Rapt up with ſecret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

LXXXII.

But ere the ſun thro' many days had run,
Conſtantia's charming beauty had o'ercome
Guiſardo's heart, and ſcorn'd affection won:
Her eyes ſoon conquer'd all they ſhone upon,
Shot thro' his wounded heart ſuch hot deſire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

LXXXIII.

In roofs which gold and Parian ſtone adorn
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound;
In fields ſo fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with ſcorch'd Calabria's ground;
But in his ſoul, that ſhould contain the ſtore
Of ſureſt riches, he was baſe and poor.

LXXXIV.

Him was Conſtantia urg'd continually,
By her friends, to love: ſometimes they did entreat
With gentle ſpeeches and mild courteſy,
Which when they ſee deſpiſed by her, they threat.
But love too deep was ſeated in her heart,
To be worn out with thought of any ſmart.

LXXXV.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,
To ſeek for ſport, and hunt the ſtarted game;
Guiſardo and Philocrates were there,
With many friends, too tedious here to name:
With them Conſtantia went, but not to find
The bear or wolf, but Love, all mild and kind.

LXXXVI.

Being enter'd in the pathleſs woods, while they
Purſue their game, Philetus, who was late
Hid in a thicket, carries ſtraight away
His love, and haſtens his own haſty fate,
That came too ſoon upon him, and his ſun
Was quite eclips'd before it fully ſhone.

LXXXVII.

Conſtantia miſs'd, the hunters, in amaze,
Take each a ſev'ral courſe, and by curs'd Fate
Guiſardo runs, with a love-carried pace,
Tow'rds them, who little knew their woeful ſtate:
Philetus, like bold Icarus, ſoaring high
To honours, found the depth of miſery:

LXXXVIII.

For when Guiſardo ſees his rival there,
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who ſuch fortune did not fear,
And with his ſword a way to's heart does find:
But e'er his ſpirits were poſſeſs'd of death,
In theſe few words he ſpent his lateſt breath.

LXXXIX.

" O ſee, Conſtantia! my ſhort race is run;
" See how my blood the thirſty ground doth dye;
" But live thou happier than thy love hath done,
" And when I'm dead think ſometimes upon me.
" More my ſhort time permits me not to tell,
" For now Death ſeizes me. My Dear! farewell."

XC.

As ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe words life fled
From his pierc'd body, whilſt Conſtantia ſhe
Kiſſes his cheeks, that loſe their lively red,
And become pale and wan: and now each eye
Which was ſo bright, is like, when life was done,
A ſtar that 's fall'n, or an eclipſed ſun.

XCI.

Thither Philocrates was driv'n by Fate,
And ſaw his friend lie bleeding on the earth;
Near his pale corpſe his weeping ſiſter ſate,
Her eyes ſhed tears, her heart to ſighs gave birth.
Philocrates, when he ſaw this, did cry,
" Friend, I'll revenge, or bear thee company.

XCII.

" Juſt Jove hath ſent me to revenge this fate.
" Nay, ſtay, Guiſardo! think not Heav'n in jeſt;
" 'Tis vain to hope flight can ſecure thy ſtate:"
Then thruſt his ſword into the villain's breaſt.
" Here," ſaid Philocrates, " thy life I ſend
" A ſacrifice t' appeaſe my ſlaughter'd friend."

XCIII.

But as he fell, " Take this reward," ſaid he,
" For thy new victory." With that he flung
His darted rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,
" Farewell, Conſtantia!" that word ſaid he dies.

XCIV.

What ſhall ſhe do? ſhe to her brother runs,
His cold and lifeleſs body does embrace;
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
And with her kiſſes warms his clammy face.
" My dear Philocrates!" ſhe weeping cries,
" Speak to thy ſiſter;" but no voice replies.

XCV.

Then running to her love, with many a tear
Thus her mind's fervent paſſion ſhe expreſs'd;
" O ſtay, bleſs'd Soul! ſtay but a little here,
" And take me with you to a laſting reſt;
" Then to Elyſium's manſions both ſhall fly,
" Be married there, and never more to die."

XCVI.

But feeing 'em both dead, fhe cry'd, "Ah me!
"Ah, my Philetus! for thy fake will I
"Make up a full and perfect tragedy.
"Since 'twas for me, dear Love! that thou didft die,
"I'll follow thee, and not thy lofs deplore:
"Thefe eyes that faw thee kill'd fhall fee no more.

XCVII.

"It fhall not, fure, be faid that thou didft die,
"And thy Conftantia live when thou waft flain:
"No, no, dear Soul! I will not ftay from thee,
"That will reflect upon my valu'd fame."
Then piercing her fad breaft, "I come," fhe cries;
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

XCVIII.

Her foul being fled to its eternal reft,
Her father comes, and feeing this, he falls
To th' earth, with grief too great to be exprefs'd:
Whofe doleful words my tired Mufe me calls
T' o'erpafs, which I moft gladly do, for fear
That I fhould toil too much the reader's ear.

To the Right Worſhipful, my very loving Maſter,

## MR. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,

CHIEF MASTER OF WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

SIR,

*My childiſh Muſe is in her ſpring, and yet*
*Can only ſhew ſome budding of her wit:*
*One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir! from you,*
*Like ſome unkinder ſtorm ſhot from your brow,*
*Would turn her ſpring to with'ring autumn's time,*
*And make her bloſſoms periſh ere their prime:*
*But if you ſmile, if in your gracious eye*
*She an auſpicious alpha can deſcry,*
*How ſoon will they grow fruit! how freſh appear,*
*That had ſuch beams their infancy to cheer!*
*Which being ſprung to ripeneſs, expect then*
*The earlieſt off'ring of her grateful pen.*

*Your moſt dutiful ſcholar,*

ABR. COWLEY.

## PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Tandem fit ſurculus arbor.

I.

When Babylon's high walls erected were
By mighty Ninus' wife, two houſes join'd:
One Thiſbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair
In th' other: earth ne'er boaſted ſuch a pair.
The very walls themſelves combin'd,
And grew in one, juſt like their maſters' mind.

II.

Thiſbe all other women did excel,
The Queen of Love leſs lovely was than ſhe;
And Pyramus more ſweet than tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them ſo well:
But Venus envying they ſo fair ſhould be,
Bids her ſon Cupid ſhew his cruelty.

III.

The all-ſubduing god his bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his moſt remorſeleſs dart,
Which he unſeen into their hearts did ſend,
And ſo was Love the cauſe of Beauty's end:
But could he ſee, he had not wrought their ſmart;
For pity, ſure, would have o'ercome his heart.

IV.

Like as a bird which in the net is ta'en,
By ſtruggling more entangles in the gin,
So they who in love's labyrinth remain,
With ſtriving never can a freedom gain:
The way to enter 's broad; but being in,
No art, no labour, can an exit win.

V.

Theſe lovers, tho' their parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deed with jealouſy,
Tho' in theſe ſtorms no comfort can remove
The various doubts and fears that cool hot love;
Tho' he not her's, nor ſhe his face could ſee,
Yet this cannot aboliſh Love's decree.

VI.

For age had crack'd the wall which them did part;
This th' unanimous couple ſoon did ſpy,
And here their inward ſorrows did impart,
Unlading the ſad burthen of their heart.
Tho' Love be blind, this ſhews he can deſcry
A way to leſſen his own miſery.

VII.

Oft' to the friendly cranny they reſort,
And feed themſelves with the celeſtial air
Of odoriferous breath; no other ſport
They could enjoy, yet think the time but ſhort,
And wiſh that it again renewed were,
To ſuck each other's breath for ever there.

VIII.

Sometimes they did exclaim againſt their fate,
And ſometimes they accus'd imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their flames; but all too late;
The arrow could not be recall'd; their ſtate
Was firſt ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they ſhould love.

IX.

They curs'd the wall that did their kiſſes part,
And to the ſtones their mournful words they ſent,
As if they ſaw the ſorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could underſtand their ſmart;
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their ſighs, alas! would it relent.

X.

This in effect they ſaid; "Curs'd Wall! O why
"Wilt thou our bodies ſever, whoſe true love
"Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty;
"For both our ſouls ſo cloſely joined lie,
"That nought but angry Death can them remove,
"And tho' he part them, yet they'll meet above."

XI.

Abortive tears from their fair eyes outflow'd,
And damm'd the lovely ſplendour of their ſight,
Which ſeem'd like Titan, whilſt ſome watry cloud
O'erſpreads his face, and his bright beams doth ſhroud;
Till Veſper chaſe away the conquer'd light,
And forceth them, tho' loath, to bid good night.

XII.

But ere Aurora, uſher to the day,
Began with welcome luſtre to appear,
The lovers riſe, and at the cranny they
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay,
With many a ſigh and many a ſpeaking tear,
Whoſe grief the pitying Morning bluſh'd to hear.

XIII.

"Dear love!" ſaid Pyramus, "how long ſhall we,
"Like faireſt flowers, not gather'd in their prime,
"Waſte precious youth, and let advantage flee,
"Till we bewail, at laſt, our cruelty
"Upon ourſelves? for beauty, tho' it ſhine
"Like day, will quickly find an evening-time.

XIV.

“ Therefore, ſweet Thiſbe! let us meet this night
“ At Ninus' tomb, without the city wall,
“ Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white
“ Abounding, there t' enjoy our wiſh'd delight :
“ For mounting love ſtopp'd in its courſe doth fall,
“ And long'd-for, yet untaſted, joys, kills all.

XV.

“ What tho' our cruel parents angry be?
“ What tho' our friends, alas! are, too, unkind?
“ Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,
“ And ſoon hold back fit opportunity.
“ Who lets ſlip Fortune, he ſhall never find;
“ Occaſion once paſt by is bald behind.”

XVI.

She ſoon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little wooing needs where both conſent;
What he ſo long had pleaded ſhe deſir'd ;
Which Venus ſeeing, with blind Chance conſpir'd,
And many a charming accent to her ſent,
That ſhe, at laſt, would fruſtrate their intent.

XVII.

Thus beauty is by Beauty's means undone,
Striving to cloſe thoſe eyes that make her bright;
Juſt like the moon, which ſeeks t' eclipſe the ſun,
Whence all her ſplendour, all her beams, do come :
So ſhe who fetches luſtre from their ſight,
Doth purpoſe to deſtroy their glorious light.

XVIII.

Unto the mulberry-tree fair Thiſbe came,
Where having reſted long, at laſt ſhe 'gan
Againſt her deareſt Pyramus t'exclaim,
Whilſt various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain,
And imitating thus the ſilver ſwan,
A little while before her death, ſhe ſang.

SONG.

I.

"Come, Love! why ſtayeſt thou? the night
Will vaniſh ere we taſte delight:
The moon obſcures herſelf from ſight,
Thou abſent, whoſe eyes give her light.

2.

Come quickly, Dear! be brief as Time,
Or we by Morn ſhall be o'erta'en,
Love's joys thine own as well as mine;
Spend not, therefore, the time in vain."

XIX.

Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleaſant ſong,
And for her lover's ſtay ſent many a ſigh,
Her Pyramus ſhe thought did tarry long,
And that his abſence did her too much wrong:
Then, betwixt longing hope and jealouſy
She fears, yet 's loath to tax his loyalty.

XX.

Sometimes ſhe thinks that he hath her forſaken;
Sometimes that danger hath befallen him;
She fears that he another love hath taken;
Which being but imagin'd ſoon doth waken
Numberleſs thoughts, which on her heart did fling
Fears, that her future fate too truly ſing.

XXI.

While ſhe thus muſing ſat, ran from the wood
An angry lion to the cryſtal ſprings
Near to that place, who coming from his food,
His chaps were all beſmear'd with crimſon blood:
Swifter than thought ſweet Thiſbe ſtraight begins
To fly from him; fear gave her ſwallows' wings.

XXII.

As ſhe avoids the lion, her deſire
Bids her to ſtay, leſt Pyramus ſhould come
And be devour'd by the ſtern lion's ire,
So ſhe for ever burn in unquench'd fire;
But fear expels all reaſons; ſhe doth run
Into a darkſome cave ne'er ſeen by ſun.

XXIII.

With haſte ſhe let her looſer mantle fall;
Which when th' enraged lion did eſpy,
With bloody teeth he tore in pieces ſmall,
Whilſt Thiſbe ran and look'd not back at all:
For could the ſenſeleſs beaſt her face deſcry,
It had not done her ſuch an injury.

XXIV.

The night half waſted, Pyramus did come;
Who ſeeing printed in the yielding ſand
The lion's paw, and by the fountain ſome
Of Thiſbe's garment, ſorrow ſtruck him dumb:
Juſt like a marble ſtatue did he ſtand,
Cut by ſome ſkilful graver's artful hand.

XXV.

Recov'ring breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Waſhing with tears the torn and bloody weed:
" I may," ſaid he, " myſelf for her death blame,
" Therefore my blood ſhall waſh away that ſcame;
" Since ſhe is dead, whoſe beauty doth exceed
" All that frail man can either hear or read."

XXVI.

This ſpoke, he drew his fatal ſword, and ſaid,
" Receive my crimſon blood, as a due debt
" Unto thy conſtant love, to which 'tis paid:
" I ſtraight will meet thee in the pleaſant ſhade
" Of cool Elyſium, where we being met,
" Shall taſte thoſe joys that here we could not get."

XXVII.

Then thro' his breaſt thruſting his ſword, life hies
From him, and he makes haſte to ſeek his fair;
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
His blood had dropt upon the mulberries,
With which th' unſpotted berries ſtained were,
And ever ſince with red they colour'd are.

XXVIII.

At laſt fair Thiſbe left the den, for fear
Of diſappointing Pyramus, ſince ſhe
Was bound by promiſe for to meet him there;
But when ſhe ſaw the berries changed were
From white to black, ſhe knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

XXIX

With what delight, thro' the dark cave ſhe came,
Thinking to tell how ſhe eſcap'd the beaſt;
But when ſhe ſaw her Pyramus lie ſlain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her ſad ſoul remain!
She tears her golden hair, and beats her breaſt,
And every ſign of raging grief expreſs'd.

XXX.

She blames all-pow'rful Jove, and ſtrives to take
His bleeding body from the moiſten'd ground;
She kiſſes his pale face, till ſhe doth make
It red with kiſſing, and then ſeeks to wake
His parting ſoul with mournful words; his wound
Waſhes with tears, that her ſweet ſpeech confound.

XXXI.

But afterwards recov'ring breath, ſaid ſhe,
" Alas! what chance hath parted thee and me?
" O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
" That of thy death I may a partner be;
" Tell Thiſbe what hath caus'd this tragedy."
He, hearing Thiſbe's name, lifts up his eyes,

XXXIII.

And on his love he rais'd his dying head,
Where ſtriving long for breath, at laſt, ſaid he,
" O Thiſbe! I am haſting to the dead,
" And cannot heal that wound my fear hath made.
" Farewell, ſweet Thiſbe! we muſt parted be,
" For angry Death will force me ſoon from thee."

XXXIII.

Life did from him, he from his miſtreſs, part,
Leaving his love to languiſh here in woe.
What ſhall ſhe do? how ſhall ſhe eaſe her heart?
Or with what language ſpeak her inward ſmart?
Uſurping paſſion reaſon doth o'erflow;
She vows that with her Pyramus ſhe'll go.

XXXIV.

Then takes the ſword wherewith her love was ſlain,
With Pyramus his crimſon blood warm ſtill,
And ſaid, " O ſtay, bleſs'd Soul! a while refrain,
" That we may go together, and remain
" In endleſs joy, and never fear the ill
" Of grudging friends."—Then ſhe herſelf did kill.

XXXV.

To tell what grief their parents did ſuſtain,
Were more than my rude quill can overcome;
Much they did weep and grieve, but all in vain;
For weeping calls not back the dead again.
Both in one grave were laid, when life was done,
And theſe few words were writ upon the tomb.

### EPITAPH.

1.

Underneath this marble ſtone
Lie two beauties join'd in one:
Two whoſe loves death could not ſever,
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

2.

Two whoſe ſouls, b'ing too divine
For earth, in their own ſphere now ſhine:
Who have left their loves to fame,
And their earth to earth again.

## A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

Phoebus, expell'd by the approaching night,
Bluſh'd, and for ſhame clos'd in his baſhful light,
While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,
The Muſe whom I adore, enter'd the room.
Her hair, with looſer curioſity,
Did on her comely back diſhevell'd lie;
Her eyes with ſuch attractive beauty ſhone,
As might have wak'd ſleeping Endymion.
She bade me riſe, and promis'd I ſhould ſee
Thoſe fields, thoſe manſions of felicity,
We mortals ſo admire at: ſpeaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegaſus,
On whom I rode, knowing wherever ſhe
Did go, that place muſt needs a temple be.

No ſooner was my flying courſer come
To the bleſs'd dwellings of Elyſium,
When ſtraight a thouſand unknown joys reſort,
And hemm'd me round, chaſte Love's innocuous ſport:
A thouſand ſweets, bought with no foll'wing gall,
Joys, not like ours ſhort, but perpetual.
How many objects charm my wand'ring eye,
And bid my ſoul gaze there eternally?
Here in full ſtreams, Bacchus! thy liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb: here Jove's broad tree beſtows
Diſtilling honey: here doth nectar paſs
With copious current thro' the verdant graſs:
Here Hyacinth his fate writ in his looks,
And thou, Narciſſus! loving ſtill the brooks,
Once lovely boys; and Acis, now a flower,
Are nouriſh'd, with that rarer herb, whoſe power
Created thee, War's potent God: here grows
The ſpotleſs lily and the bluſhing roſe;
And all thoſe diverſe ornaments abound,
That variouſly may paint the gaudy ground.
No willow, Sorrow's garland, there hath room,
Nor cypreſs, ſad attendant of a tomb:
None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine
Embracing the ſtout oak, the fruitful vine,
And trees with golden apples loaded down,
On whoſe fair tops ſweet Philomel alone,
Unmindful of her former miſery,
Tunes with her voice a raviſhing harmony,

Whilſt all the murm'ring brooks that glide along,
Make up a burden to her pleaſing ſong.
No ſcreech-owl, ſad companion of the night,
No hideous raven, with prodigious flight,
Preſaging future ill: nor, Progne! thee
Yet ſpotted with young Itys' tragedy,
Thoſe ſacred bow'rs receive. There's nothing there
That is not pure, all innocent, and rare.
Turning my greedy ſight another way,
Under a row of ſtorm-contemning bay,
I ſaw the Thracian ſinger with his lyre
Teach the deaf ſtones to hear him and admire:
Him the whole poets' chorus compaſs'd round,
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel, crown'd.
There baniſh'd Ovid had a laſting home,
Better than thou couldſt give, ungrateful Rome!
And Lucan (ſpight of Nero) in each vein
Had ev'ry drop of his ſpilt blood again.
Homer, Sol's firſt-born, was not poor or blind,
But ſaw as well in body as in mind.
Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the reſt
Of Greece's admir'd wiſe men, here poſſeſs'd
A large reward for their paſt deeds, and gain
A life as everlaſting as their fame.
By theſe the valiant heroes take their place,
All who ſtern Death and perils did embrace
For Virtue's cauſe. Great Alexander there
Laughs at the earth's ſmall empire, and does wear

A nobler crown than the whole world could give.
There did Horatius, Cocles, Sceva, live,
And valiant Decius, who now freely ceafe
From war, and purchafe an eternal peace.
  Next them, beneath a myrtle bow'r, where doves
And gallefs pigeons build their nefts, all Love's
True faithful fervants, with an am'rous kifs,
And foft embrace, enjoy their greedieft wifh.
Leander with his beauteous Heroe plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing feas.
Porcia enjoys her Brutus, Death no more
Can now divorce their wedding, as before.
Thifbe her Pyramus kifs'd, his Thifbe he
Embrac'd, each blefs'd with th' other's company:
And every couple always dancing, fing
Eternal pleafures to Elyfium's king.
But fee how foon thefe pleafures fade away,
How near to ev'ning is Delight's fhort day!
The watching bird, true nuncius of the light,
Straight crow'd, and all then vanifh'd from my fight:
My very Mufe herfelf forfook me too.
Me grief and wonder wak'd; what fhould I do?
Oh! let me follow thee, faid I, and go
From life, that I may dream for ever fo.
With that my flying Mufe I thought to clafp
Within my arms, but did a fhadow grafp.
Thus chiefeft joys glide with the fwifteft ftream,
And all our greateft pleafure's but a dream.

## ON HIS MAJESTY'S

### RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

Great Charles! (there ſtop, ye Trumpeters of Fame,
For he who ſpeaks his titles, his great name,
Muſt have a breathing time) our King: ſtay there,
Speak by degrees, let th' inquiſitive ear
Be held in doubt, and ere you ſay Is come,
Let every heart prepare a ſpacious room
For ample joys; then Iö ſing as loud
As thunder ſhot from the divided cloud.
Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves
The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves
Great Neptune's court; let every ſparrow bear
From the Three Siſters' weeping bark a tear:
Let ſpotted lynxes their ſharp talons fill
With cryſtal fetch'd from the Promethean hill:
Let Cytherea's birds freſh wreaths compoſe,
Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the roſe:
Let the ſelf-gotten phœnix rob his neſt,
Spoil his own fun'ral pile, and all his beſt
Of myrrh, of frankincenſe, of Caſſia, bring,
To ſtrew the way for our returned King.
Let every poſt a panegyric wear,
Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear;
And yet let no man invocate a Muſe;
The very matter will itſelf infuſe

A facred fury. Let the merry bells
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of fexton, and prefage
A new-made holyday for future age.
And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
A golden temple to propitious Fate,
At the return of any noblemen,
Of heroes, or of emp'rors, we muft then
Raife up a double trophy, for their fame
Was but the fhadow of our Charles his name.
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow?
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whofe head is always crown'd with victory
Snatch'd from Bellona's hand; him Luxury
In peace debilitates; whofe tongue can win
Tully's own garland, Pride to him creeps in:
On whom, like Atlas' fhoulders, the propt ftate
(As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)
Solely relies; him blind Ambition moves,
His tyranny the bridled fubject proves.
But all thofe virtues which they all poffefs'd
Divided, are collected in thy breaft,
Great Charles! Let Cæfar boaft Pharfalia's fight,
Honorius praife the Parthians' unfeign'd flight:
Let Alexander call himfelf Jove's peer,
And place his image near the Thunderer;
Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns
'Twixt Mercy and Aftrea, and maintains

A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
Who is moſt near, moſt like, the Deity.

## A SONG ON THE SAME.

Hence, clouded Looks! hence, briny Tears!
Hence eye that Sorrow's liv'ry wears!
What tho' a while Apollo pleaſe
To viſit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.
What tho' the Spring vaniſh away,
And with it the earth's form decay?
Yet his new birth will ſoon reſtore
What its departure took before.
What tho' we miſs'd our abſent King
A while? great Charles is come again,
And with his preſence makes us know
The gratitude to Heav'n we owe.
So doth a cruel ſtorm impart
And teach us Palinurus' art:
So from ſalt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth ariſe.

## THE WISH.

I.

Lest the misjudging world ſhould chance to ſay
I durſt not but in ſecret murmurs pray,
To whiſper in Jove's ear
How much I wiſh that funeral,
Or gape at ſuch a great one's fall,
This let all ages hear,
And future times in my ſoul's picture ſee
What I abhor, what I deſire to be.

II.

I would not be a Puritan, tho' he
Can preach two hours, and yet his ſermon be
But half a quarter long;
Tho' from his old mechanic trade
By viſion he 's a paſtor made,
His faith was grown ſo ſtrong;
Nay, tho' he think to gain ſalvation
By calling the Pope the Whore of Babylon.

III.

I would not be a ſchoolmaſter, tho' to him
His rods no leſs than Conſuls' faſces ſeem;
Tho' he in many a place;
Turns Lily oft'ner than his gowns,
Till at the laſt he makes the nouns
Fight with the verbs apace;
Nay, tho' he can, in a poetic heat,
Figures, born ſince, out of poor Virgil beat.

IV.

I would not be a Juſtice of Peace, tho' he
Can with equality divide the fee,
And ſtakes with his clerk draw;
Nay, tho' he ſit upon the place
Of judgment, with a learned face
Intricate as the law;
And whilſt he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks Priſcian's head with ſentences ſecurely.

V.

I would not be a courtier, tho' he
Makes his whole life the trueſt comedy;
Altho' he be a man
In whom the tailor's forming art,
And nimble barber, claim more part
Than Nature herſelf can;
Tho', as he uſes men, 'tis his intent
To put off Death, too, with a compliment.

VI.

From lawyers' tongues, tho' they can ſpin with eaſe
The ſhorteſt cauſe into a paraphraſe,
From uſurers' conſcience
(For ſwallowing up young heirs ſo faſt,
Without all doubt they'll choke at laſt)
Make me all innocence,
Good Heav'n! and from thy eyes, O Juſtice! keep;
For tho' they be not blind they're oft' aſleep.

VII.

From ſinging-men's religion, who are
Always at church, juſt like the crows, 'cauſe there
They build themſelves a neſt;
From too much poetry, which ſhines
With gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, O you Powers! my breaſt;
And from aſtronomy, which in the ſkies
Finds fiſh and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

VIII.

From your Court-madam's beauty, which doth carry
At morning May, at night a January;
From the grave City-brow
(For tho' it want an R, it has
The letter of Pythagoras)
Keep me, O Fortune! now,
And chines of beef innumerable ſend me,
Or from the ſtomach of the guard defend me.

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknowers are better than ill known:
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintants I would have, but when 't depends
Not from the number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books ſhould, not buſineſs, entertain the light,
And ſleep, as undiſturb'd as death, the night.
My houſe a cottage more
Than palace, and ſhould fitting be
For all my uſe, not luxury :
My garden, painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, that pleaſure yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading ſpace,
For he that runs it well twice runs his race ;
And in this true delight,
Theſe unbought ſports, and happy ſtate,
I would not fear nor wiſh my fate,
But boldly ſay each night,
To-morrow let my ſun his beams diſplay,
Or in clouds hide them, I have liv'd to-day.

## A POETICAL REVENGE.

WESTMINSTER-HALL a friend and I agreed
To meet in. He (ſome buſineſs 'twas did breed
His abſence) came not there. I up did go
To the next court : for tho' I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might ſee and hear
(As moſt ſpectators do at theatre)

Things very ſtrange. Fortune did ſeem to grace
My coming there, and help'd me to a place:
But being newly ſettled at the ſport,
A ſemi-gentleman of the Inns of Court,
In ſattin ſuit, redeem'd but yeſterday,
One who is raviſh'd with a cock-pit play,
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
Beſides a tailor's bill, and fears no devil
Beſides a ſerjeant, thruſt me from my ſeat;
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take
For barriſter) open'd his mouth and ſpake:
" Boy! get you gone; this is no ſchool." " Oh, no;
" For if it were, all you gown'd men would go
" Up for falſe Latin." They grew ſtraight to be
Incens'd; I fear'd they would have brought on me
An action of Treſpaſs, till the young man
Aforeſaid, in the ſattin ſuit, began
To ſtrike me. Doubtleſs there had been a fray,
Had not I providently ſkipp'd away
Without replying; for to ſcold is ill,
Where every tongue 's the clapper of a mill,
And can outſound Homer's Gradivus; ſo
Away got I; but ere I far did go,
I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)
Theſe two or three ſharp curſes back: May he
Be by his father in his ſtudy took
At Shakeſpeare's Plays, inſtead of my Lord Coke.

May he (tho' all his writings grow as ſoon
As Fleckno's out of eſtimation)
Get him a poet's name, and ſo ne'er come
Into a ſerjeant's or dead judge's room:
May he become ſome poor phyſician's prey,
Who keeps men with that conſcience in delay
As he his client doth, till his health be
As far fetch'd as a Greek noun's pedigree:
Nay, for all that, may the diſeaſe be gone
Never but in the long vacation:
May neighbours uſe all quarrels to decide;
But if for law any to London ride,
Of all thoſe clients may not one be his,
Unleſs he come *in forma pauperis.*
Grant this, ye Gods that favour poetry!
That all theſe never-ceaſing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a threadbare black; but ſpare
Them who bear ſcholars' names, leſt ſome one take
Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.

## UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

I.

MARK that ſwift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Uſe all perſuaſions now, and try
If thou canſt call it back, or ſtay it there.
That way it went, but thou ſhalt find
No track is left behind.

II.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou'ſt ſhot away
I'll bid thee fetch but yeſterday,
And it ſhall be too hard a taſk to do.
Beſides repentance what canſt find
That it hath left behind?

III.

Our life is carry'd with too ſtrong a tide,
A doubtful cloud our ſubſtance bears,
And is the horſe of all our years:
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glaſs run out, and muſt
Both render up our duſt.

IV.

But his paſt life who without grief can ſee,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But ſays to Fame, Thou art mine heir,
That man extends life's nat'ral brevity;
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Neſtor in a day.

ON THE

## QUEEN'S REPAIRING SOMERSET-HOUSE.

When God (the cauſe to me and men unknown)
Forſook the royal houſes and his own,

And both abandon'd to the common foe,
How near to ruin did my glories go!
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this princely place,
Which cov'tous hands could take, or rude deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richeſt figures torn, and all around
Diſmember'd ſtatues of great heroes lay;
Such Naſeby's field ſeem'd on the fatal day.
And me, when nought for robbery was left,
They ſtarv'd to death; the gaſping walls were cleſt,
The pillars ſunk, the roofs above me wept,
No ſign of ſpring, or joy, my garden kept;
Nothing was ſeen which could content the eye,
Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.

See how my face is chang'd, and what I am,
Since my true Miſtreſs, and now foundreſs, came!
It does not fill her bounty to reſtore
Me as I was (nor was I ſmall) before:
She imitates the kindneſs to her ſhown;
She does, like Heav'n, (which the dejected throne
At once reſtores, fixes, and higher rears)
Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what ſhe repairs.
And now I dare, (tho' proud I muſt not be,
Whilſt my great Miſtreſs I ſo humble ſee
In all her various glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudeſt palaces compare:
My beauty and convenience will (I'm ſure)
So juſt a boaſt with modeſty endure;

And all muſt to me yield when I ſhall tell
How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.
  Before my gate a ſtreet's broad channel goes,
Which ſtill with waves of crowding people flows,
And ev'ry day there paſſes by my ſide,
Up to its weſtern reach, the London tide,
The ſpring-tides of the term: my front looks down
On all the pride and bus'neſs of the Town:
My other front, (for as in kings we ſee
The livelieſt image of the Deity,
We in their houſes ſhould Heav'n's likeneſs find,
Where nothing can be ſaid to be behind)
My other fair and more majeſtic face,
(Who can the fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on itſelf below,
In the beſt mirror that the world can ſhow.
  And here, behold, in a long bending row,
How two joint cities make one glorious bow;
The midſt, the nobleſt place, poſſeſs'd by me,
Beſt to be ſeen by all, and all o'erſee.
Which way ſoe'er I turn my joyful eye,
Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I ſpy;
On either ſide dwells Safety and Delight,
Wealth on the left, and Pow'r upon the right.
T' aſſure yet my defence, on either hand,
Like mighty forts, in equal diſtance ſtand
Two of the beſt and ſtatelieſt piles which e'er
Man's lib'ral piety of old did rear,

Where the two princes of th' apoſtles' band,
My neighbours and my guards, watch and command.
My warlike guard of ſhips, which farther lie,
Might be my object too, were not the eye
Stopp'd by the houſes of that wondrous ſtreet,
Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.
The ſtream's eternal ſiege they fix'd abide,
And the ſwoln ſtream's auxiliary tide,
Tho' both their ruin with joint pow'r conſpire,
Both to outbrave, they nothing dread but fire.
And here my Thames, tho' it more gentle be
Than any flood, ſo ſtrengthen'd by the ſea,
Finding by art his nat'ral forces broke,
And bearing, captive-like, the arched yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the diſgrace,
But recompoſes ſtraight, and calms his face,
Is into rev'rence and ſubmiſſion ſtrook,
As ſoon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the White Palace, where that king does reign
Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.
Amidſt theſe louder honours of my ſeat,
And two vaſt cities, troubleſomely great,
In a large various plain, the country, too,
Opens her gentler bleſſings to my view;
In me the active and the quiet mind,
By different ways, equal content may find.
If any prouder virtuoſo's ſenſe
At that part of my proſpect take offence,

By which the meaner cabanes are deſcry'd
Of my imperial river's humbler ſide,
If they call that a blemiſh, let them know
God, and my godlike Miſtreſs, think not ſo;
For the diſtreſs'd and the afflicted lie
Moſt in their care, and always in their eye.
  And thou, fair River! who ſtill pay'ſt to me
Juſt homage, in thy paſſage to the ſea,
Take here this one inſtruction as thou goeſt:
When thy mix'd waves ſhall viſit ev'ry coaſt,
When round the world their voyage they ſhall make,
And back to thee ſome ſecret channels take,
Aſk them what nobler ſight they e'er did meet,
Except thy mighty Maſter's ſov'reign fleet,
Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,
The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride.
  From hence his kingdoms, happy now at laſt!
(Happy, if wiſe by their misfortunes paſt)
From hence may omens take of that ſucceſs
Which both their future wars and peace ſhall bleſs:
The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build,
With her ſons' fabrics the rough ſea is fill'd.

## ON HIS MAJESTY'S

### RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

I.

WELCOME, great Sir! with all the joy that's due
To the return of Peace and you:

Two greateſt bleſſings which this age can know;
For that to thee, for thee to Heav'n, we owe.
Others by war their conqueſts gain,
You, like a god, your ends obtain,
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word, and ſweetly order'd all.

II.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heav'n full thanks for it.
No mothers here lament their children's fate;
And like the peace, but think it comes too late.
No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their huſbands' knells.
No drop of blood is ſpilt, which might be ſaid
To mark our joyful holyday with red.

III.

'Twas only Heav'n could work this wondrous thing,
And only work't by ſuch a king.
Again the Northern hinds may ſing and plow,
And fear no harm but from the weather now.
Again may tradeſmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain.
The armour now may be hung up to ſight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

IV.

The gain of Civil wars will not allow
Bay to the conqu'ror's brow.

At ſuch a game what fool would venture in,
Where one muſt loſe, yet neither ſide can win?
How juſtly would our neighbours ſmile
At theſe mad quarrels of our iſle,
Swell'd with proud hopes to ſnatch the whole away,
Whilſt we bet all, and yet for nothing play ?

V.

How was the ſilver Tyne frighted before,
And durſt not kiſs the armed ſhore ?
His waters ran more ſwiftly than they uſe,
And haſted to the ſea to tell the news.
The ſea itſelf, how rough ſoe'er,
Could ſcarce believe ſuch fury here.
How could the Scots and we be en'mies grown ?
That, and its maſter, Charles, had made us one.

VI.

No blood ſo loud as that of Civil war;
It calls for dangers from afar.
Let's rather go and ſeek out them and Fame;
Thus our forefathers got, thus left a name.
All their rich blood was ſpent with gains,
But that which ſwells their children's veins.
Why ſit we ſtill our ſp'rits wrapt up in lead ?
Not like them whilſt they liv'd, but now they 're dead.

VII.

This noiſe at home was but Fate's policy
To raiſe our ſp'rits more high,

So bold a lion, ere he ſeeks his prey,
Laſhes his ſides, and roars, and then away.
How would the German Eagle fear,
To ſee a new Guſtavus there?
How would it ſhake, tho' as 'twas wont to do
For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!

VIII.

Sure there are actions of this height and praiſe
Deſtin'd to Charles his days.
What will the triumphs of his battles be,
Whoſe very peace itſelf is victory?
When Heav'n beſtows the beſt of kings,
It bids us think of mighty things.
His valour, wiſdom, offspring, ſpeak no leſs,
And we, the prophet's ſons, write not by gueſs.

*Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's ſhip, preſented to the Univerſity library in Oxford, by John Davis of Deptford, Eſq.*

To this great ſhip, which round the globe has run,
And match'd in race the chariot of the ſun,
This Pythagorean ſhip (for it may claim,
Without preſumption, ſo deſerv'd a name,
By knowledge once, and transformation now)
In her new ſhape this ſacred port allow.
Drake and his ſhip could not have wiſh'd from Fate
A more bleſs'd ſtation, or more bleſs'd eſtate:

For, lo! a feat of endlefs reft is giv'n
To her in Oxford, and to him in heav'n.

## ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble-ftone,
Tho' high as our ambition ;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brafs, which can
Give life to th' afhes of a man,
But verfes only : they fhall frefh appear,
Whilft there are men to read or hear,
When time fhall make the lafting brafs decay,
And eat the pyramid away,
Turning that monument wherein men truft
Their names to what it keeps, poor duft;
Then fhall the epitaph remain, and be
New graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of poets triumph over it.
What cannot verfe? When Thracian Orpheus took
His lyre, and gently on it ftrook,
The learned ftones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming fong.
With artificial pace the warlike pine,
The elm, and his wife, the ivy, twine,
With all the better trees which erft had ftood
Unmov'd, forfook their native wood.

The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow;
And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a ſhade.
The beaſts, too, ſtrove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And wolf was ſhepherd to the lamb.
Nightingales, harmleſs Syrens of the air,
And Muſes of the place, were there;
Who when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to ſo ſtrange a ſound,
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
Happy, O happy they! whoſe tomb might be,
Mauſolus! envied by thee!

## THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via eſt, &c.

What ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I ſhall like beaſts or common people die,
Unleſs you write my elegy;
Whilſt others great by being born are grown,
Their mother's labour, not their own.

In this ſcale gold, and in th' other fame, does lie,
The weight of that mounts this ſo high.
Theſe men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright,
Brought forth with their own fire and light.
If I, her vulgar ſtone, for either look,
Out of myſelf it muſt be ſtrook.
Yet I muſt on. What ſound is 't ſtrikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It ſounds like the laſt trumpet, for it can
Raiſe up the bury'd man.
Unpaſs'd Alps ſtop me, but I'll cut thro' all,
And march the Muſes' Hannibal.
Hence all the flatt'ring vanities that lay
Nets of roſes in the way;
Hence the deſire of honours or eſtate,
And all that is not above Fate;
Hence Love himſelf, that tyrant of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praiſe.
Come, my beſt Friends! my Books! and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagirite! and teach me now
All I was born to know:
Thy ſcholar's vict'ries thou doſt far outdo;
He conquer'd the earth, the whole world you.
Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whoſe bleſs'd tongue and wit
Preſerves Rome's greatneſs yet:
Thou art the firſt of orators; only he
Who beſt can praiſe thee next muſt be.

Welcome the Mantuan ſwan ! Virgil the wiſe,
Whoſe verſe walks higheſt, but not flies;
Who brought green Poeſy to her perfect age,
And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three! what ſhall I do
To be like one of you ?
But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there ſit
On the calm flouriſhing head of it,
And whilſt, with wearied ſteps, we upward go,
See us and clouds below.

## THE CHRONICLE.

### A BALLAD.

I.

MARGARITA firſt poſſeſs'd,
If I remember well, my breaſt,
Magarita firſt of all ;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my reſtleſs heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

II.

Martha ſoon did it reſign
To the beauteous Katherine :
Beauteous Katherine gave place
(Tho' loath and angry ſhe to part
With the poſſeſſion of my heart)
To Eliſa's conqu'ring face.

III.

Elifa till this hour might reign,
Had fhe not evil counfels ta'en:
Fundamental laws fhe broke,
And ftill new favourites fhe chofe,
Till up in arms my paffions rofe,
And caft away her yoke.

IV.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they fway'd,
And fometimes Mary was the fair,
And fometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And fometimes both I obey'd.

V.

Another Mary then arofe,
And did rigorous laws impofe;
A mighty tyrant fhe!
Long, alas! fhould I have been
Under that iron-fceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca fet me free.

VI.

When fair Rebecca fet me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But foon thofe pleafures fled,
For the gracious princefs dy'd
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her ftead.

VII.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
Judith held the ſov'reign pow'r:
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But ſo weak and ſmall her wit,
That ſhe to govern was unfit,
And ſo Suſanna took her place.

VIII.

But when Iſabella came
Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs flame;
And th' artillery of her eye
Whilſt ſhe proudly march'd about,
Greater conqueſts to find out,
She beat out Suſan by the bye.

IX.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Beſs, her vice-roy maid,
To whom enſu'd a vacancy.
Thouſand worſe paſſions then poſſeſs'd
The inter-regnum of my breaſt.
Bleſs me from ſuch an anarchy!

X.

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomaſine,
And then another Katherine,
And then a long *et cætera.*

XI.

But ſhould I now to you relate
The ſtrength and riches of their ſtate,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines:

XII.

If I ſhould tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embaſſies, and ſpies,
The frowns, and ſmiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberleſs, nameleſs, myſteries!

XIII.

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Match'avel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous ſhould grow
(Chiefly if I like them ſhould tell
All change of weathers that befel)
Than Hollingſhed or Stow.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler ſtrain
My preſent emperеſs does claim,
Heleonora! firſt o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

## THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

### THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

*Againſt the Dogmatiſts.*

I.

THE ſacred tree 'midſt the fair orchard grew,
The phœnix Truth did on it reſt,
And built his perfum'd neſt.
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic ſhew,
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonſtrative:
So clear their colour, and divine,
The very ſhade they caſt did other lights outſhine.

II.

Taſte not, ſaid God; 'tis mine and angels' meat;
A certain death does ſit,
Like an ill worm, i' the core of it.
Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know, and eat.
Thus ſpoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know;
Grew ſo more blind, and ſhe
Who tempted him to this grew yet more blind than he.

III.

The only ſcience man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew:
He ſtraight his nakedneſs did view,
His ign'rant poor eſtate, and was aſham'd of it:

Yet ſearches probabilities,
And rhetoric and fallacies,
And ſeeks, by uſeleſs pride,
With ſlight and with'ring leaves that nakedneſs to hide.

IV.

Henceforth, ſaid God, the wretched ſons of earth
Shall ſweat for food in vain,
That will not long ſuſtain,
And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
That ſerpent, too, their pride,
Which aims at things deny'd,
That learn'd and eloquent luſt,
Inſtead of mounting high, ſhall creep upon the duſt.

## THE COMPLAINT.

I.

In a deep viſion's intellectual ſcene,
Beneath a bow'r for ſorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable ſhade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,
Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay;
And, lo! a Muſe appear'd to his cloſ'd ſight,
(The Muſes oft' in lands of viſion play)
Body'd, array'd, and ſeen by an internal light:
A golden harp, with ſilver ſtrings, ſhe bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe ſhe wore,

In which all colours and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate,
And with looſe pride it wanton'd in the air.
In ſuch a dreſs, in ſuch a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair Iſmenu's ſtream
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

II.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from
The ſhaken ſtrings melodiouſly reſound. [the ground;
" Art thou return'd at laſt, ſaid ſhe,
To this forſaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal! who didſt ſo looſely waſte,
Of all thy youthful years the good eſtate;
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
And gather huſks of learning up at laſt,
Now the rich harveſt-time of life is paſt,
And Winter marches on ſo faſt?
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my ſon,
And did as learn'd a portion aſſign
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their deareſt children done;
When I reſolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed name,
Among the ſpiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou Changling! thou, bewitch'd with noiſe and ſhow,
Wouldſt into courts and cities from me go;
Wouldſt ſee the world abroad, and have a ſhare
In all the follies and the tumults there;

Thou wouldſt, forſooth! be ſomething in a ſtate,
And bus'neſs thou woudſt find, and wouldſt create:
Buſineſs! the frivolous pretence
Of human luſts, to ſhake off innocence;
Buſineſs! the grave impertinence;
Buſineſs! the thing which I of all things hate,
Buſineſs! the contradiction of thy fate.

III.

Go, Renegado! caſt up thy account,
And ſee to what amount
Thy fooliſh gains by quitting me:
The ſale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apoſtaſy.
Thou thought'ſt, if once the public ſtorm were paſt,
All thy remaining life ſhould ſunſhine be:
Behold the public ſtorm is ſpent at laſt,
The Sovereign is toſs'd at ſea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at laſt to ſhore:
But whilſt thy fellow-voyagers I ſee,
All march'd up to poſſeſs the promis'd land,
Thou ſtill alone, alas! doſt gaping ſtand,
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren ſand.

IV.

As a fair morning of the bleſſed ſpring,
After a tedious ſtormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our King;
Enriching moiſture dropp'd on every thing;

Plenty he ſow'd below, and caſt about him light.
But then, alas! to thee alone
One of old Gideon's miracles was ſhown,
For ev'ry tree, and ev'ry herb around,
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful ſeed of heav'n did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muſe's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats ſurpaſs,
When God to his own people ſaid,
(The men whom thro' long wand'rings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of braſs;
They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,
That bounteous heav'n! which God did not reſtrain
Upon the moſt unjuſt to ſhine and rain.

V.

The Rachel, for which twice ſeven years, and more,
Thou didſt with faith and labour ſerve,
And didſt (if faith and labour can) deſerve,
Tho' ſhe contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didſt ſee,
Giv'n to another, who had ſtore
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompenſe to be.
Go on, twice ſev'n years more, thy fortune try,
Twice ſev'n years more God in his bounty may
Give thee to fling away
Into the Court's deceitful lottery:

But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
Shouldſt in a hard and barren ſeaſon thrive,
Shouldſt even able be to live;
Thou! to whoſe ſhare ſo little bread did fall
In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

VI.

Thus ſpake the Muſe, and ſpake it with a ſmile
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile:
And to her thus, raiſing his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley ſaid:
"Ah! wanton Foe! doſt thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyſelf haſt made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit! ſtoleſt me away,
And my abuſed ſoul didſt bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever ſince I ſtrive in vain
My raviſh'd freedom to regain:
Still I rebel, ſtill thou doſt reign,
Lo, ſtill in verſe againſt thee I complain.
There is a ſort of ſtubborn weeds
Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
No wholeſome herb can near them thrive,
No uſeful plant can keep alive:
The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow
Make all my art and labour fruitleſs now;
Where once ſuch fairies dance, no graſs doth ever grow.

VII.

When my new mind had no infuſion known,
Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever ſince I vainly try
To waſh away th' inherent dye:
Long work, perhaps, may ſpoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain
I often ſteer my courſe in vain,
Thy gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.
Thou ſlacken'ſt all my nerves of induſtry,
By making them ſo oft' to be
The tinkling ſtrings of thy looſe minſtrelſy.
Whoever this world's happineſs would ſee,
Muſt as entirely caſt off thee,
As they who only heav'n deſire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my groſs miſtake,
Myſelf a demi-votary to make.
Thus with Sapphira and her huſband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And periſh for the part which I retain.

VIII.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muſe!
The court and better king t' accuſe;
The heav'n under which I live is fair,
The fertile ſoil will a full harveſt bear;

Thine, thine is all the barrenneſs, if thou
Mak'ſt me ſit ſtill and ſing when I ſhould plough.
When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient Sovereign did attend
His long misfortune's fatal end,
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
I ought to be accurs'd if I refuſe
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muſe!
Kings have long hands, they ſay, and tho' I be
So diſtant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes thou
Shouldſt not reproach rewards for being ſmall or ſlow;
Thou! who rewardeſt but with pop'lar breath,
And that, too, after death!

## THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

As when our kings (lords of the ſpacious main)
Take, in juſt wars, a rich Plate-fleet of Spain,
The rude unſhapen ingots they reduce
Into a form of beauty and of uſe,
On which the conqu'ror's image now does ſhine,
Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine;
So in the mild contentions of the Muſe
(The war which Peace itſelf loves and purſues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought
This cargazon of Spain with treaſures fraught.

You have not baſely gotten it by ſtealth,
Nor by tranſlation borrow'd all its wealth;
But by a pow'rful ſp'rit made it your own;
Metal before, money by you 'tis grown:
'Tis current now, by your adorning it
With the fair ſtamp of your victorious wit.
But tho' we praiſe this voyage of your mind,
And tho' ourſelves enrich'd by it we find,
We're not contented yet, becauſe we know
What greater ſtores at home within it grow;
We've ſeen how well you foreign ores refine,
Produce the gold of your own nobler mine;
The world ſhall then our native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you;
They all ſhall watch the travels of your pen,
And Spain on you ſhall make repriſals then.

*A tranſlation of verſes*

## UPON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

*Written in Latin by the*

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL DR. A.

AVE MARIA.

Once thou rejoicedſt, and rejoice for ever,
Whoſe time of joy ſhall be expired never;
Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,
Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.

You brought the word of joy in, which was born
An hail to all; let us an hail return.
From you God ſave, into the world there came;
Our echo hail is but an empty name.

GRATIA PLENA.

How loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,
From divers flow'rs by chymic bees diſtill'd!
How full the collet with his jewel is,
Which, that it cannot take, by love doth kiſs:
How full the moon is with her brother's ray,
When ſhe drinks up with thirſty orb the day!
How full of grace the Graces' dances are,
So full doth Mary of God's light appear.
It is no wonder if with graces ſhe
Be full, who was full with the Deity.

DOMINUS TECUM.

The fall of mankind under Death's extent
The choir of bleſſed angels did lament,
And wiſh'd a reparation to ſee
By him who manhood join'd with Deity.
How grateful ſhould man's ſafety then appear
T'himſelf, whoſe ſafety can the angels cheer?

BENEDICTA TU IN MULIERIBUS.

Death came, and troops of ſad diſeaſes led
To th' earth, by woman's hand ſolicited.

Life came ſo too, and troops of Graces led
To th' earth, by woman's faith ſolicited.
As our life's ſpring came from thy bleſſed womb,
So from our mouths ſprings of thy praiſe ſhall come.
Who did life's bleſſing give, 'tis fit that ſhe
Above all women ſhould thrice bleſſed be.

ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI.

With mouth divine the Father doth proteſt,
He a good Word ſent from his ſtored breaſt;
'Twas Chriſt, which Mary, without carnal thought,
From the unfathom'd depth of goodneſs brought;
The Word of Bleſſing a juſt cauſe affords
To be oft' bleſſed with redoubled words.

SPIRITUS SANCTUS SUPERVENIET IN TE.

As when ſoft weſt winds fan the garden-roſe,
A ſhower of ſweeter air ſalutes the noſe;
The breath gives ſparing kiſſes, nor with power
Unlocks the virgin boſom of the flower;
So th' Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
And from her ſacred box whole rivers flow'd:
Yet loos'd not thine eternal chaſtity,
Thy roſes' folds do ſtill entangled lie.
Believe Chriſt born from an unbruiſed womb,
So from unbruiſed bark the odours come.

### ET VIRTUS ALTISSIMI OBUMBRABIT TIBI.

God his great Son begat ere time begun,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son:
Of double ſubſtance One; life he began,
God without mother, without father man.
Great is the birth, and 'tis a ſtranger deed
That ſhe no man, that God no wife, ſhould need.
A ſhade delighted the child-bearing maid,
And God himſelf became to her a ſhade.
O ſtrange deſcent! who is light's author, he
Will to his creature thus a ſhadow be.
As unſeen light did from the Father flow,
So did ſeen light from Virgin Mary grow.
When Moſes ſought God in a ſhade to ſee,
The Father's ſhade was Chriſt the Deity.
Let's ſeek for day, flee darkneſs, whilſt our ſight
In light finds darkneſs, and in darkneſs light.

## ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF FORTUNE.

### A TRANSLATION.

I.

LEAVE off unfit complaints, and clear [brow,
From ſighs your breaſt, and from black clouds your
When the ſun ſhines not with his wonted cheer,
And Fortune throws an adverſe caſt for you.

That ſea which vex'd with Notus is,
The merry Weſt-winds will to morrow kiſs.

II.

The ſun to-day rides drowſily,
To-morrow 'twill put on a look more fair;
Laughter and groaning do alternately
Return, and tears ſports neareſt neighbours are.
'Tis by the gods appointed ſo,
That good fare ſhould with mingled dangers flow.

III.

Who drave his oxen yeſterday,
Doth now over the nobleſt Romans reign,
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay
The yoke which from his oxen he had ta'en.
Whom Heſperus ſaw poor and low,
The Morning's eye beholds him greateſt now.

IV.

If Fortune knit amongſt her play
But ſeriouſneſs, he ſhall again go home
To his old country farm of yeſterday,
To ſcoffing people no mean jeſt become;
And with the crowned axe, which he
Had rul'd the world, go back and prune ſome tree;
Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own faſces he ſhall make him fires.

## THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY

*is to be preferred before*

## DISCONTENTED RICHES.

I.

Why, O! doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee,
Tho' Neptune's treasurehouse it be?
Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,
Infected yet with Midas' glorious itch?

II.

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all,
Like other floods, poetical;
They have no dance, no wanton sport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd shore to court.

III.

No fish inhabit the adulterate flood,
Nor can it feed the neighb'ring wood;
No flower or herb is near it found,
But a perpetual winter starves the ground.

IV.

Give me a river which doth scorn to show
An added beauty, whose clear brow
May be my looking-glass, to see
What my face is, and what my mind should be.

V.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the smiling bank:
Here sad king-fishers tell their tales,
And fish enrich the brook with silver scales.

VI.

Daiſies, the firſt-born of the teeming Spring,
On each ſide their embroidery bring,
Her lilies waſh, and grow more white,
And daffodils to ſee themſelves delight.

VII.

Here a freſh arbour gives her am'rous ſhade,
Which Nature, the beſt gard'ner, made;
Here I would ſit and ſing rude lays,
Such as the Nymphs, and me myſelf would pleaſe.

VIII.

Thus would I waſte, thus end, my careleſs days,
And Robin-red-breaſts, whom men praiſe
For pious birds, ſhould, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

In commendation of the time we live in,

*Under the reign of our gracious King,*

## CHARLES II.

I.

Curs'd be that wretch (Death's factor ſure) who brought
Dire ſwords into the peaceful world, and taught
Smiths, who before could only make
The ſpade, the ploughſhare, and the rake,
Arts, in moſt cruel wiſe
Man's life t' epitomize.

II.

Then men (fond men, alas!) ride poſt to th' grave,
And cut thoſe threads which yet the Fates would ſave:
Then Charon ſweated at his trade,
And had a larger ferry made.
Then 'twas the ſilver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

III.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,
Begat black War; then Avarice crept on:
Then limits to each field were ſtrain'd,
And Terminus a godhead gain'd:
To men before was found,
Beſides the ſea, no bound.

IV.

In what plain or what river hath not been
War's ſtory, writ in blood (ſad ſtory!) ſeen?
This truth too well our England knows;
'Twas Civil ſlaughter dy'd her Roſe;
Nay, then her Lily, too,
With blood's loſs paler grew.

V.

Such griefs, nay worſe than theſe, we now ſhould feel,
Did not juſt Charles ſilence the rage of ſteel;
He to our land bleſs'd peace doth bring,
All neighbour-countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till Charles his reign!

VI.

Where, dreaming Chymics! is your pain and coſt?
How is your oil, how is your labour, loſt?
Our Charles, beſt alchymiſt, (tho' ſtrange,
Believe it, future Times!) did change
The Iron Age of old,
Into an Age of Gold.

AN ANSWER TO

## AN INVITATION TO CAMBRIDGE.

I.

Nichols! my better ſelf, forbear,
For if thou tell'ſt what Cambridge pleaſures are,
The ſchool-boy's ſin will light on me,
I ſhall, in mind, at leaſt, a truant be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of philoſophy,
In Ovid's Nut I ſhall not find
The taſte once pleaſed me.
O tell me not of logic's diverſe cheer,
I ſhall begin to loath our crambe here.

II.

Tell me not how the waves appear
Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned ſhire;
I ſhall contemn the troubled Thames,
On her chief holyday, even when her ſtreams
Are with rich folly gilded, when

The quondam dung-boat is made gay,
Juſt like the brav'ry of the men,
And graces with freſh paint that day,
When th' City ſhines with flags and pageants there,
And ſattin doublets ſeen not twice a-year.

III.

Why do I ſtay, then? I would meet
Thee there, but plummets hang upon my feet:
'Tis my chief wiſh to live with thee,
But not till I deſerve thy company:
Till then we'll ſcorn to let that toy
Some forty miles divide our hearts:
Write to me, and I ſhall enjoy
Friendſhip and wit, thy better parts.
Tho' envious Fortune larger hind'rance brings,
We'll eas'ly ſee each other; Love hath wings.

## AN ANSWER TO A COPY OF VERSES

### SENT ME TO JERSEY.

As to a Northern people (whom the ſun
Uſes juſt as the Romiſh Church has done
Her profane laity, and does aſſign
Bread only both to ſerve for bread and wine)
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
Fraught with briſk Racy verſes, in which we
The ſoil from whence they came taſte, ſmell, and ſee:

Such is your prefent t' us; for you muft know,
Sir, that verfe does not in this ifland grow,
No more than fack : one lately did not fear
(Without the Mufes' leave) to plant it here;
But it produc'd fuch bafe, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as ev'n fet the hearers' ears on edge,
Written by ——— ——— Efquire, the
Year of our Lord fix hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jerfey Mufe! and he's for this high ftyle
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Ifle.
Alas! to men here no words lefs hard be
To ryhme with than Mount Orgueil * is to me.
Mount Orgueil! which in fcorn o' th' Mufes' law
With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.
Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to take it.
Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here,
Strange as to bring camels and el'phants were;
And metaphor is fo unknown a thing,
'Twould need the preface of, God fave the King.
Yet this I'll fay for th' honour of the place,
That by God's extraordinary grace,
(Which fhows the people' have judgment, if not wit)
The land is undefil'd with clinches yet;
Which in my poor opinion, I confefs,
Is a moft fing'lar bleffing, and no lefs

* The name of one of the caftles in Jerfey.

Than Ireland's wanting ſpiders: and ſo far
From th' actual ſin of bombaſt too they are,
(That other crying ſin o' th' Engliſh Muſe)
That even Satan himſelf can accuſe
None here, (no not, ſo much as the divines)
For th' *motus primò primi* to ſtrong lines.
Well, ſince the ſoil, then, does not nat'rally bear
Verſe, who (a-devil) would import it here?
For that to me would ſeem as ſtrange a thing
As who did firſt wild beaſts into' iſlands bring:
Unleſs you think that it might taken be
As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at ſea.
But that's a fortune falls not ev'ry day;
'Tis true Green was made by it; for they ſay
The Parl'ament did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the whole prize, their tenths and fifteenths too.

## PROMETHEUS ILL PAINTED.

How wretched does Prometheus' ſtate appear,
Whilſt he his ſecond mis'ry ſuffers here!
Draw him no more, leſt, as he tortur'd ſtands,
He blame great Jove's leſs than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver thus ſhould grow.
Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once ſtole from thee grant him now.

## FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

I.

When chance or cruel bus'neſs parts us two,
What do our ſouls, I wonder, do?
Whilſt ſleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they ſhould not ſtay,
Content with dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

II.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix I know not how, or where:
Their friendly lights together twine,
Tho' we perceive 't not to be ſo,
Like loving ſtars which oft' combine,
Yet not themſelves their own conjunctions know.

III.

'Twere an ill world, I'll ſwear, for ev'ry friend,
If diſtance could their union end:
But love itſelf does far advance
Above the pow'r of time and ſpace;
It ſcorns ſuch outward circumſtance,
His time's for ever, ev'ry where his place.

IV.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart.
Miracles ceaſe not yet in Love,
When he his mighty pow'r will try,
Abſence itſelf does bounteous prove,
And ſtrangely ev'n our preſence multiply.

V.

Pure is the flame of friendſhip, and divine,
Like that which in heav'n's ſun does ſhine;
Like he in th' upper air and ſky,
Does no effects of heat beſtow,
But as his beams the farther fly,
He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

VI.

Friendſhip is leſs apparent when too nigh,
Like objects, if they touch the eye.
Leſs meritorious, then, is love;
For when we friends together ſee
So much, ſo much both one do prove,
That their love then ſeems but ſelf-love to be.

VII.

Each day think on me, and each day I ſhall
For thee make hours canonical.
By ev'ry wind that comes this way,
Send me at leaſt a ſigh or two;
Such and ſo many I'll repay,
As ſhall themſelves make winds to get to you.

VIII.

A thouſand pretty ways we'll think upon
To mock our ſeparation.
Alas! ten thouſand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer ſtay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks againſt the breaſt to get away.

IX.

And when no art affords me help or eafe,
I feek with verfe my griefs t'appeafe:
Juft as a bird that flies about,
And beats itfelf againft the cage,
Finding at laft no paffage out,
It fits and fings, and fo o'ercomes its rage.

## REASON,

### THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

I.

Some blind themfelves, 'caufe poffibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on fands, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but becaufe there was no wind.
Lefs hard 'tis not to err ourfelves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we truft men concerning God, we then
Truft not God concerning men.

II.

Vifions and infpirations fome expect,
Their courfe here to direct:
Like fenfelefs chymifts their own wealth deftroy,
Imaginary gold t'enjoy.
So ftars appear to drop to us from fky,
And gild the paffage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet th' oppofing ground,
What but a fordid flime is found?

III.

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reaſon ſet,
And faſt, that they may dream of meat.
Sometimes ill ſp'rits their ſickly ſouls delude,
And baſtard forms obtrude.
So Endor's wretched ſorcereſs, altho'
She Saul thro' his diſguiſe did know,
Yet when the devil comes up diſguis'd, ſhe cries,
Behold! the gods ariſe.

IV.

In vain, alas! theſe outward hopes are try'd;
Reaſon within 's our only guide.
Reaſon! which (God be prais'd!) ſtill walks, for all
Its old orig'nal fall.
And ſince itſelf the boundleſs Godhead join'd
With a reaſonable mind,
It plainly ſhews that myſteries divine
May with our reaſon join.

V.

The holy Book, like the eighth ſphere, does ſhine
With thouſand lights of truth divine.
So numberleſs the ſtars, that to the eye
It makes but all one Galaxy.
Yet reaſon muſt aſſiſt too; for in ſeas
So vaſt and dangerous as theſe,
Our courſe by ſtars above we cannot know,
Without the compaſs, too, below.

VI.

Tho' reaſon cannot thro' faith's myſt'ries ſee,
It ſees that there, and ſuch, they be;
Leads to heav'n's door, and there does humbly keep,
And there thro' chinks and keyholes peep.
Tho' it, like Moſes, by a ſad command
Muſt not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all deſcry'd.

## HYMN. TO LIGHT.

I.

First-born of Chaos, who ſo fair didſt come
From the old Negro's darkſome womb!
Which when it ſaw the lovely child,
The melancholy maſs put on kind looks and ſmil'd.

II.

Thou tide of glory, which no reſt doſt know
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden ſhow'r of a true Jove!
Who does in thee deſcend, and heav'n to earth make love!

III.

Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy huſband, Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the luſty bridegroom he!

IV.

Day from what golden quivers of the ſky
So all thy winged arrows fly?

Swiftneſs and Power by birth are thine:
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire, the Word [Divine.

V.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to ſhow,
That ſo much coſt in colours thou,
And ſkill in painting, doſt beſtow,
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heav'nly bow.

VI.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finiſh'd when begun;
Let a poſt-angel ſtart with thee,
And thou the goal of earth ſhalt reach as ſoon as he.

VII.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Doſt thy bright wood of ſtars ſurvey,
And all the year doſt with thee bring
Of thouſand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal ſpring.

VIII.

Thou, Scythian-like, doſt round thy lands above
The ſun's gilt tent for ever move,
And ſtill as thou in pomp doſt go,
The ſhining pageants of the world attend thy ſhow.

IX.

Nor amidſt all theſe triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with thoſe living ſpangles gild,
(O greatneſs without pride!) the buſhes of the field.

X.

Night, and her ugly ſubjects, thou doſt fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of Night,
Aſham'd and fearful to appear,
They ſcreen their horrid ſhapes with the black hemiſphere.

XI.

With them there haſtes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a buſy ſwarm;
At the firſt op'ning of thine eye
The various cluſters break, the antic atoms fly.

XII.

The guilty ſerpents, and obſcener beaſts,
Creep conſcious to their ſecret reſts:
Nature to thee does rev'rence pay,
Ill omens and ill ſights removes out of thy way.

XIII.

At thy appearance, Grief itſelf is ſaid
To ſhake his wings, and rouze his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy ſmile reflected from thy look.

XIV.

At thy appearance, Fear itſelf grows bold;
Thy ſunſhine melts away his cold:
Encourag'd at the ſight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmneſs to the knee.

XV.

Ev'n Luſt, the maſter of a harden'd face,
Bluſhes if thou be'ſt in the place;

To Darkneſs' curtains he retires,
In ſympathizing night he rolls his ſmoky fires.

XVI.

When, Goddeſs! thou lift'ſt up thy waken'd head
Out of the Morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world ſalutes the riſing day.

XVII.

The ghoſts, and monſter ſp'rits, that did preſume
A body's priv'lege to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly,
And bodies gain again their viſibility.

XVIII.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy ſev'ral liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landſcape as thou go'ſt.

XIX.

A crimſon garment in the roſe thou wear'ſt;
A crown of ſtudded gold thou bear'ſt;
The virgin lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almoſt naked light.

XX.

The violet, Spring's little infant, ſtands
Girt in thy purple ſwaddlingbands:
On the fair tulip thou doſt dote;
Thou cloath'ſt it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

XXI.

With flame condens'd thou doſt the jewels fix,
And ſolid colours in it mix:
Flora herſelf envies to ſee
Flow'rs fairer than her own, and durable as ſhe.

XXII.

Ah! Goddeſs! would thou couldſt thy hand withhold,
And be leſs liberal to gold;
Didſt thou leſs value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'ſt thou poor man relieve!

XXIII.

To me the ſun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are;
But few, ah! wondrous few there be
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddeſs! ev'n to thee.

XXIV.

Thro' the ſoft ways of heav'n, and air, and ſea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou doſt glide,
And with thy living ſtream thro' the cloſe channels ſlide.

XXV.

But where firm bodies thy free courſe oppoſe,
Gently thy ſource the land o'erflows;
Takes there poſſeſſion, and does make,
Of colours mingled light, a thick and ſtanding lake.

XXVI.

But the vaſt ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyrean heav'n does ſtay;

Thy rivers, lakes, and ſprings below, [flow.
From thence took firſt their riſe, thither at laſt muſt

## THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

*A paraphraſe upon Horace, Book II. Sat. vi.*

At the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Cloſe to plow'd ground, ſeated commodiouſly,
His ancient and hereditary houſe,
There dwelt a good ſubſtantial Country Mouſe:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouſe, well coated, ſleek, and gay,
A Mouſe of high degree, which loſt his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there
For a day's lodging. The good hearty hoſt
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boaſt)
Did all the ſtores produce that might excite,
With various taſtes, the courtier's appetite:
Fitches and beans, peaſon, and oats, and wheat,
And a large cheſnut, the delicious meat
Which Jove himſelf, were he a Mouſe, would eat.
And for a hautgouſt there was mix'd with theſe
The ſwerd of bacon and the coat of cheeſe,
The precious relics which at harveſt he
Had gather'd from the reapers' luxury.

Freely (ſaid he) fall on, and never ſpare,
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.
And thus at eaſe on beds of ſtraw they lay,
And to their genius ſacrific'd the day:
Yet the nice gueſt's Epicurean mind
(Tho' breeding made him civil ſeem and kind)
Deſpis'd this country feaſt, and ſtill his thought
Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
Your bounty and civility (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpris'd in theſe rude parts to ſee
Shews that the gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a ſoul ſo virtuous and ſo great
Loſe itſelf thus in an obſcure retreat?
Let ſavage beaſts lodge in a country den,
You ſhould ſee towns, and manners know, and men;
And taſte the gen'rous lux'ry of the court,
Where all the Mice of quality reſort;
Where thouſand beauteous ſhees about you move,
And by high fare are pliant made to love.
We all ere long muſt render up our breath,
No cave or hole can ſhelter us from Death.
  Since life is ſo uncertain, and ſo ſhort,
Let's ſpend it all in feaſting and in ſport.
Come, worthy Sir! come with me, and partake
All the great things that mortals happy make.
  Alas! what virtue hath ſufficient arms
T' oppoſe bright Honour and ſoft Pleaſure's charms?

What wiſdom can their magic force repel?
It draws this rev'rend hermit from his cell.
It was the time, when witty poets tell,
" That Phœbus into Thetis' boſom fell:
" She bluſh'd at firſt, and then put out the light,
" And drew the modeſt curtains of the night."
Plainly, the troth to tell, the ſun was ſet,
When to the Town our weary'd trav'llers get.
To a lord's houſe, as lordly as can be,
Made for the uſe of pride and luxury,
They come; the gentle courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before;
But 'tis, Sir, your command, and being ſo,
I'm ſworn t' obedience; and ſo in they go.
Behind a hanging in a ſpacious room,
(The richeſt work of Mortlake's noble loom)
They wait a while, their weary'd limbs to reſt,
Till ſilence ſhould invite them to their feaſt.
" About the hour that Cynthia's ſilver light
" Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night,"
At laſt the various ſupper being done,
It happen'd that the company was gone
Into a room remote, ſervants and all,
To pleaſe their noble fancies with a ball.
Our hoſt leads forth his ſtranger, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind,
Still on the table half-fill'd diſhes ſtood,
And with delicious bits the floor was ſtrow'd.

The courteous Mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
And both with fat varieties are bleſs'd:
Th' induſtrious peaſant ev'ry where does range,
And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
Lo! in the midſt of a well-freighted pie
They both at laſt, glutted and wanton, lie:
When, ſee the ſad reverſe of proſp'rous fate,
And what fierce ſtorms on mortal glories wait;
With hideous noiſe down the rude ſervants come,
Six dogs before run barking into the room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulneſs which retards their flight.
Our trembling Peaſant wiſhes now, in vain,
That rocks and mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curs'd!
This, of all lives, ſaid he, is ſure the worſt.
Give me again, ye Gods! my cave and wood;
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food.

*Doctiſſimo, Graviſſimoque Viro*

DOMINO D. COMBER,

*Decano Carleolenſi colendiſſimo, et Collegii SS. et Individuæ Trinitatis Magiſtro Vigilantiſſimo.*

Siste gradum: quónam temeraria pagina tendis,
Auratâ nimiùm facta ſuperba togâ?
Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;
Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.

I, pete, ſollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,
Et Logicæ pugno carmina ſcripta tenent.
Poſt Ca, vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel, af. un. Quanta? par.
Deſtruit Edictum, deſtruit Ique modum. [inſin.
Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandiùs ore ſonabit;
Setonus, dicent, quid velit iſte ſibi?
I, pete Cauſidicos: poteris ſic culta videri,
Et benè Romanis fundere verba modis.
Fallor: poſt Ignoramum gens cautior illa eſt;
Et didicit Muſas, Granta, timere tuas.
I, pete Lectorem nullum; ſic ſalva latebis;
Et poteris Criticas ſpernere tuta manus.
Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profana.
Diſſimile hic Domini nil decet eſſe ſuo.
Ille ſacri calamo referat myſteria verbi,
Non alia illius ſancta lucerna videt.
Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pæne timenda,
Et Flavum attollit ſic veneranda caput.
At ſcio, quid dices: Noſtros Academia luſus
Spectavit; nugæ tum placuere meæ.
Pagina ſtulta nimis! Granta eſt Hic altera ſolus;
Vel Grantæ ipſius non Caput, at Cerebrum.
Sed ſi authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:
(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)
Accedas tanquam ad numen formidine blandâ
Triſtis, et hæc illi paucula metra refer.
Sub veſtro auſpicio natum bonus accipe carmen,
Viventi auſpicium quod ſibi vellet idem.

Non peto ut iſta probes tantùm, Puerilia, dicas,
Sunt, fateor; Puerum ſed ſatis illa decent.
Collegii nam qui noſtri dedit iſta Scholaris,
Si Socius, tandem ſit, meliora dabit.

*Inter Muſas Cantabrigienſes extant Carmina ſequentia ab Auctore A. Cowley conſcripta, quæ ne deperdantur dum in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere viſum eſt.*

*De felici partu Reginæ Mariæ.*

Dum more antiquo jejunia feſta coluntur,
Et populum paſcit relligioſa fames;
Quinta beat noſtram ſoboles formoſa Mariam;
Penè iterum nobis, læte December, ades.
Ite, quibus luſum Bacchúſque Ceréſque miniſtrant,
Et riſum vitis lachryma rubra movet.
Nos ſine lætitiæ ſtrepitu, ſine murmure læti:
Ipſa dies novit vix ſibi verba dari.
Cùm corda arcanâ ſaltant feſtiva choreâ,
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente ſonet?
Quídve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, ſalutem?
Sint mea pro tanto ſobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non ſunt, non ſunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera ſuâ.
Viciſti tandem, viciſti, caſta Maria;
Cedit de ſexu Carolus ipſe ſuo.
A te ſic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!
Vix hoſtes tanti vel ſuperâſſe fuit.

Jam tua plùs vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
Regis, et in methodo te perperiſſe juvat.
O bona conjugii concors diſcordia veſtri!
O ſancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor!
Non Caroli puro reſpirans vultus in auro
Tam populo (et notum eſt quàm placet ille) placet.
Da veniam, hîc omnes nimiùm quòd ſimus avari;
Da veniam, hîc animos quòd ſatiare nequis.
Cùmque (ſed ô noſtris fiat lux ſerior annis)
In currum aſcendas læta per aſtra tuum,
Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago
Non minùs in terris quàm tua ſculpta, regat.

*Ob paciferum*

## SERENISSIMI REGIS CAROLI

### E SCOTIA REDITUM.

Ergo redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,
Captivæque ingens laurea pacis adeſt.
Vicerunt alii bellis et Marte cruento;
Carole, Tu ſolus vincere bella potes.
Te ſequitur volucri mitis Victoria penna,
Et Famæ pennas prævenit ipſa ſuæ.
Te voluere ſequi convulſis Orcades undis,
Sed retinent fixos frigora ſæva pedes.
Te propè viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,
Naſcentem, et Delo plus licuiſſe dolen.

Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tecum,
Si pelago redeas, Infula navis eat,
Si terra, veftri comitentur plauftra Bootæ;
Sed rota tarda gelu, fed nimis ipfe piger.
Compofitam placidè jam lætus defpicit Arcton,
Horrentéfque novo lumine adornat equos.
Ah! nunquam rubeat civili fanguine Tueda,
Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!
Callifto in vetitum potiùs defcenderet æquor,
Quàm vellet tantum mœfta videre nefas.
Conveniffe feris inter fe noverat Urfis,
Et generi ingenium mitius effe fuo.
Nos gens una fumus; De Scoti nomine et Angli
Grammatici foli prælia rauca gerant.
Tam bene cognatos compefcit Carolus enfes,
Et pacem populis fundit ab ore fuis.
Hæc illi laudem virtus immenfa minorem
Eripuit; nunquam bella videre poteft.
Sic gladios folvit vaginis fulgur in ipfis;
Effectùque poteft vix priùs ire fuo.
Sic vigil æterno regnator Phœbus Olympo
Circumfert fubitam, quà volat ipfe, diem.
Nil illi prodeft ftellarum exercitus ingens;
Ut poffit tenebras pellere, folus adeft.

# EPISTLES.

## TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

*upon his marriage with*

THE LORD FAIRFAX HIS DAUGHTER.

I.

Beauty and Strength together came,
Ev'n from the birth, with Buckingham;
The little active ſeeds which ſince are grown
So fair, ſo large, and high,
With life itſelf were in him ſown:
Honour and Wealth ſtood like the midwives by,
To take the birth into their happy hands,
And wrapt him warm in their rich ſwaddling bands.
To the great ſtock the thriving infant ſoon
Made greater acquiſitions of his own:
With beauty generous goodneſs he combin'd,
Courage to ſtrength, judgment to wit he join'd:
He pair'd and match'd his native virtues right,
Both to improve their uſe and their delight.

II.

O bleſs'd conjunction of the faireſt ſtars
That ſhine in human nature's ſphere!
But, O! what envious cloud your influence bars!
Ill Fortune! what doſt thou do there?
Hadſt thou the leaſt of modeſty,
Thou'dſt be aſham'd that we ſhould ſee

Thy deform'd looks, and dreſs, in ſuch a company.
Thou wert deceiv'd, raſh Goddeſs! in thy hate,
If thou didſt fooliſhly believe
That thou couldſt him of ought deprive
But, what men hold of thee, a great eſtate.
And here, indeed, thou to the full didſt ſhow
All that thy tyrant deity could do:
His virtues never did thy pow'r obey;
In diſſipating ſtorms and routed battles they
Did cloſe and conſtant with their captain ſtay;
They with him into exile went,
And kept their home in baniſhment.
The noble youth was often forc'd to flee
From the inſatiate rage of thee,
Diſguiſed and unknown:
In all his ſhapes they always kept their own;
Nay, with the foil of darkneſs brighter ſhone,
And might unwillingly have done,
But that juſt Heav'n thy wicked will abhorr'd,
What virtues moſt deteſt, might have betray'd their [Lord.

III.

Ah! ſlothful Love! couldſt thou with patience ſee
Fortune uſurp that flow'ry ſpring from thee,
And nip thy roſy ſeaſon with a cold,
That comes too ſoon when life's ſhort year grows old?
Love his groſs error ſaw at laſt,
And promis'd large amends for what was paſt;

He promis'd, and has done it, which is more
Than I, who knew him long, e'er knew him do before.
He 'as done it nobly, and we muſt confeſs
Could do no more, tho' he ought to do no leſs.
What has he done? he has repaid
The ruins which a luckleſs war did make:
And added to it a reward
Greater than Conqueſt for its ſhare could take:
His whole eſtate could not ſuch gain produce,
Had it laid out a hundred years at uſe.

IV.

Now bleſſings to thy noble choice betide,
Happy, and happy-making Bride!
Tho' thou art born of a victorious race,
And all their rougher victory doſt grace
With gentle triumphs of thy face,
Permit us, in this milder war, to prize
No leſs thy yielding heart than thy victorious eyes;
Nor doubt the honour of that field
Where thou didſt firſt o'ercome ere thou didſt yield.
And tho' thy father's martial name
Has fill'd the trumpets and the drums of Fame,
Thy huſband triumphs now no leſs than he,
And it may juſtly queſtion'd be
Which was the happieſt conqu'ror of the three.

V.

There is in Fate (which none but poets ſee)
There is in Fate the nobleſt poetry, [thee;
And ſhe has ſhown, Great Duke! her utmoſt art in

For after all the troubles of thy ſcene,
Which ſo confus'd and intricate have been,
She 'as ended with this match thy tragi-comedy:
We all admire it, for, the truth to tell,
Our poet, Fate, ends not all plays ſo well;
But this ſhe as her maſterpiece does boaſt,
And, ſo indeed ſhe may;
For in the middle acts and turnings of the play,
Alas! we gave our hero up for loſt.
All men, I ſee, this with applauſe receive;
And now let me have leave,
A ſervant of the perſon and the art,
To ſpeak this prologue to the ſecond part.

## TO THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

If I ſhould ſay that in your face were ſeen
Nature's beſt picture of the Cyprian queen;
If I ſhould ſwear, under Minerva's name,
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame,
The future age would think it flattery,
But to the preſent, which can witneſs be,
'Twould ſeem beneath your high deſerts as far
As you above the reſt of women are.
When Mannor's name with Villiers join'd I ſee,
How do I rev'rence your nobility!
But when the virtues of your ſtock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them: for what woman can,
Beſides yourſelf, (nay, I might ſay, what man)

By ſex, and birth, and fate, and years, excel
In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?
Oh! how had this begot idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the world's infancy,
When man's too-much religion made the beſt
Or deities, or ſemi-god at leaſt?
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modeſty,
Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray
Not to, but for, you, nor that England may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But, what's more poſſible, t' enjoy you long.

*To his very much honoured*

## GODFATHER, MR. A. B.

I.

I LOVE (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mock Death, or Time's dart) my name;
I love it more, becauſe 'twas giv'n by you;
I love it moſt, becauſe 'twas your name too:
For if I chance to ſlip, a conſcious ſhame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

II.

I'm glad that city t'whom I ow'd before
(But, ah me! Fate hath croſs'd that willing ſcore)
A father, gave me a godfather too,
And I'm more glad becauſe it gave me you,
Whom I may rightly think, and term to be,
Of the whole city an epitome.

III.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licenſed my tongue
Farther then cries) who ſhould my office do;
I thank her more becauſe ſhe found out you,
In whoſe each look I may a ſentence ſee,
In whoſe each deed a teaching homily.

IV.

How ſhall I pay this debt to you? my Fate
Denies me Indian pearl or Perſian plate;
Which tho' it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to ſend apples to Alcinous,
And ſell the cunning'ſt way: no, when I can
In every leaf, in every verſe, write Man;

V.

When my quill reliſheth a ſchool no more,
When my pen-feather'd Muſe hath learn'd to ſoar,
And gotten wings as well as feet, look then
For equal thanks from my unwearied pen;
Till future ages ſay, 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made your's to live.

## TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
You whoſe cheeks beſt ſcarlet are?
Why do you ſo fondly pin
Pure linen o'er your ſkin,

(Your ſkin, that's whiter far)
Caſting a duſky cloud before a ſtar?

II.

Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain?
Of gold moſt pure and fine,
With gems why do you ſhine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Shew but like phoſphor when the ſun doth riſe.

III.

I would have all my Miſtreſs' parts
Owe more to Nature than to arts;
I would not wooe the dreſs,
Or one whoſe nights give leſs
Contentment than the day.
She 's fair whoſe beauty only makes her gay.

IV.

For 'tis not buildings make a court,
Or pomp, but 'tis the king's reſort.
If Jupiter down pour
Himſelf, and in a ſhow'r
Hide ſuch bright majeſty,
Leſs than a golden one it cannot be.

TO A LADY WHO DESIRED

## A SONG OF MR. COWLEY,

HE PRESENTED THIS FOLLOWING.

I.

Come, Poetry! and with you bring along
A rich and painted throng
Of noblest words into my song:
Into my numbers let them gently flow,
Soft and pure, and thick as snow,
And turn thy numbers still to prove
Smooth as the smoothest sphere above,
And, like a sphere, harmoniously move.

II.

Little dost thou, vain Song! thy fortune know,
What thou art destin'd to,
And what the stars intend to do.
Among a thousand songs but few can be
Born to the honour promis'd thee:
Eliza's self shall thee receive,
And a bless'd being to thee give;
Thou on her sweet and tuneful voice shalt live.

III.

Her warbling tongue shall freely with thee play,
Thou on her lips shalt stray,
And dance upon the rosy way:

No prince alive that would not envy thee,
And count thee happier far than he:
And how ſhalt thou thy author crown!
When fair Eliza ſhall be known
To ſing thy praiſe, when ſhe but ſpeaks her own.

## TO THE LORD FALKLAND,

For his ſafe return from the

NORTHERN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SCOTS.

GREAT is thy charge, O North! be wiſe and juſt,
England commits her Falkland to thy truſt:
Return him ſafe: Learning would rather chuſe
Her Bodley or her Vatican to loſe.
All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breaſt engraven are:
There all the Sciences together meet,
And ev'ry art does all her kindred greet,
Yet joſtle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in ſome common principle.
So in an army, govern'd right, we ſee
(Tho' out of ſev'ral countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The Engliſh, Dutch, the Frenchmen, and the Dane.
So thouſand divers ſpecies fill the air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beaſts, houſes, trees, and men, together lie,
Yet enter undiſturb'd into the eye.

And this great Prince of knowledge is by Fate
Thruſt into th' noiſe and bus'neſs of a ſtate.
All virtues, and ſome cuſtoms, of the court,
Other men's labour, are at leaſt his ſport.
Whilſt we who can no action undertake,
Whom Idleneſs itſelf might learned make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet ſcarce know
Whether the Scots in England be or no,
Pace dully on, oft' tire, and often ſtay,
Yet ſee his nimble Pegaſus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her eſtate of wit on one beſtow:
Whilſt we, like younger brothers, get at beſt
But a ſmall ſtock, and muſt work out the reſt.
How could he anſwer 't, ſhould the ſtate think fit
To queſtion a monopoly of wit?
Such is the man whom we require, the ſame
We lent the North, untouch'd as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger as from fear he 's free.
Thoſe men alone (and thoſe are uſeful too)
Whoſe valour is the only art they know,
Were for ſad war and bloody battles born;
Let them the ſtate defend, and he adorn.

## TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

### UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

PARDON, my Lord! that I am come ſo late
T' expreſs my joy for your return of Fate.
So when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of liberty, at firſt I could not grieve;
My thoughts a while, like you, impriſon'd lay;
Great joys, as well as ſorrows, make a ſtay;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilſt all would ſpeak aloud.
Should ev'ry man's officious gladneſs haſte,
And be afraid to ſhew itſelf the laſt,
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loſs to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear,
Where it was wiſh'd for, that is every where,
'Twas like the ſpeech which from your lips does fall,
As ſoon as it was heard it raviſh'd all.
So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
Thus long'd-for he return'd, and cheriſh'd Rome,
Which could no more his tongue and counſels miſs;
Rome, the world's head! was nothing without his.
Wrong to thoſe ſacred aſhes I ſhould do,
Should I compare any to him but you;
You to whom Art and Nature did diſpenſe
The Conſulſhip of wit and eloquence.

Nor did your fate differ from his at all,
Becaufe the doom of exile was his fall;
For the whole world without a native home,
Is nothing but a pris'n of larger room:
But like a melting woman fuffer'd he,
He, who before outdid humanity:
Nor could his fp'rit conftant and ftedfaft prove,
Whofe art it had been, and greateft end, to move.
You put ill Fortune in fo good a drefs,
That it outfhone other men's happinefs.
Had your profper'ty always clearly gone
As your high merits would have led it on,
You 'ad half been loft, and an example then
But for the happy, the leaft part of men.
Your very fuff'rings did fo graceful fhew,
That fome ftraight envy'd your affliction too:
For a clear confcience and heroic mind
In ills their bus'nefs and their glory find.
So tho' lefs worthy ftones are drown'd in night,
The faithful di'mond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darknefs for a ray
That would be more oppref'd than help'd by day.
Your foul then moft fhew'd her unconquer'd pow'r,
Was ftronger and more armed than the Tow'r.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your fp'rit no more;
She 'as try'd her weaknefs and your ftrength before.
T' oppofe him ftill who once has conquer'd fo,
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe.

Fortune, henceforth, will more of Prov'dence have,
And rather be your friend than be your ſlave.

## TO A LADY WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I.

I LITTLE thought the time would ever be
That I ſhould wit in dwarfiſh poſies ſee.
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all ſenſe doſt give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare art
In ſuch a little much to ſhew,
Who all the good ſhe did impart
To womankind epitomiz'd in you.

II.

If, as the Ancients did not doubt to ſing,
The turning years be well compar'd t' a ring,
We'll write whate'er from you we hear,
For that's the poſy of the year:
This diff'rence only will remain,
That Time his former face does ſhew,
Winding into himſelf again,
But your unweary'd wit is always new.

III.

'Tis ſaid that conj'rers have an art found out
To carry ſp'rits confin'd in rings about:
The wonder now will leſs appear,
When we behold your magic here.

You by your rings do pris'ners take,
And chain them with your myſtic ſpells,
And the ſtrong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great devil, charm'd to thoſe circles dwells.

IV.

They who above do various circles find,
Say like a ring th' equator heav'n does bind.
When heav'n ſhall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more heav'n than 'tis will be)
'Tis thou muſt write the poſy there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Tho' the ſun paſs thro' it twice a-year,
The ſun who is eſteem'd the god of wit.

V.

Happy the hands which wear thy ſacred rings,
They'll teach thoſe hands to write myſterious things.
Let other rings, with jewels bright,
Caſt around their coſtly light,
Let them want no noble ſtone
By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
Yet ſhall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which muſt thy marriage bind.

## TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT,

*finiſhed before his voyage to America.*

METHINKS heroic poeſy till now
Like ſome fantaſtic Fairy-land did ſhow;

Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
Thou, like ſome worthy knight, with ſacred arms,
Doſt drive the monſters thence and end the charms:
Inſtead of thoſe doſt men and manners plant,
The things which that rich ſoil did chiefly want:
Yet ev'n thy mortals do their gods excel,
Taught by thy Muſe to fight and love ſo well.
By fatal hands whilſt preſent empires fall,
Thine from the grave paſt monarchies recall.
So much more thanks from human-kind does merit
The poet's fury than the zealot's ſpirit:
And from the grave thou mak'ſt this empire riſe,
Not like ſome dreadful ghoſt t' affright her eyes,
But with more luſtre and triumphant ſtate
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona ſate.
So will our God rebuild man's periſh'd frame,
And raiſe him up much better, yet the ſame:
So godlike poets do paſt things rehearſe,
Not change, but heighten Nature by their verſe.
With ſhame, methinks, great Italy muſt ſee
Her conqu'rors rais'd to life again by thee;
Rais'd by ſuch pow'rful verſe, that ancient Rome
May bluſh no leſs to ſee her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies like their faith derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give;
The marks of old and Catholic would find,
To the ſame chair would Truth and Fiction bind.

Thou in thoſe beaten paths diſdain'ſt to tread,
And ſcorn'ſt to live by robbing of the dead.
Since Time does all things change, thou think'ſt not fit
This latter age ſhould ſee all new but wit.
Thy fancy like a flame its way does make,
And leaves bright tracts for following pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldneſs of the Muſe
Did thy deſire to ſeek new worlds infuſe,
And ne'er did Heav'n ſo much a voyage bleſs,
If thou canſt plant but there with like ſucceſs.

## TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

### I.

Philosophy! the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious ſin,
Tho' full of years he do appear,
(Philoſophy! I ſay, and call it he,
For whatſoe'er the painter's fancy be,
It a male virtue ſeems to me)
Has ſtill been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vaſt eſtate.
Three or four thouſand years, one would have thought,
To ripeneſs and perfection might have brought
A ſcience ſo well bred and nurs'd,
And of ſuch hopeful parts, too, at the firſt;
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors then,
(Some negligent, and ſome ambitious men)

Would ne'er consent to set him free,
Or his own nat'ral pow'rs to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their authority.

II.

That his own bus'ness he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit;
With the deserts of poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;
Instead of vig'rous exercise they led him
Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever fresh discourse:
Instead of carrying him to see
The riches which do hoarded for him lie
In Nature's endless treasury,
They chose his eye to entertain
(His curious, but not cov'tous, eye)
With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.
Some few exalted sp'rits this latter age has shown,
That labour'd to assert the liberty
(From guardians who were now usurpers grown)
Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;
But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight
For such a long-oppressed right.
Bacon, at last, a mighty man! arose,
Whom a wise King and Nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause.

III.

Authority, which did a body boast,
Tho' 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about

Like ſome old giant's more gigantic ghoſt,
To terrify the learned rout
With the plain magic of true reaſon's light,
He chas'd out of our ſight,
Nor ſuffer'd living men to be miſled
By the vain ſhadows of the dead:
To graves, from whence it roſe, the conquer'd phantom fled:
He broke that monſtrous god which ſtood
In midſt of th' orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a uſeleſs ſcythe of wood,
And ſomething elſe not worth a name,
(Both vaſt for ſhew, yet neither fit
Or to defend or to beget,
Ridiculous and ſenſeleſs terrors!) made
Children and ſuperſtitious men afraid.
The orchard 's open now, and free;
Bacon has broke that ſcarecrow deity:
Come, enter all that will,
Behold the ripen'd fruit, come, gather now your fill.
Yet ſtill, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the forbidden tree;
We would be like the Deity;
When truth and falſehood, good and evil, we
Without the ſenſes' aid within ourſelves would ſee;
For 'tis God only who can find
All nature in his mind.

IV.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
(Tho' we our thoughts from them perverſely drew)

To things, the mind's right object, he it brought;
Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew:
He sought and gather'd for our use the true;
And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
He press'd them wisely the mechanic way,
Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
Ferment into a nourishment divine,
The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others' work a copy take;
No, not from Rubens or Vandyck;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory:
No, he before his sight must place
The natural and living face;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

V.

From these, and all long errors of the way,
In which our wand'ring predecessors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon! like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he pass'd,
Did on the very border stand
Of the bless'd Promis'd Land,

And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himſelf, and ſhew'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to diſcover worlds and conquer too;
Nor can ſo ſhort a line ſufficient be
To fathom the vaſt depths of Nature's ſea:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjuſt if we ſhould more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' exceſs
Of low affliction and high happineſs:
For who on things remote can fix his ſight,
That's always in a triumph or a fight?

VI.

From you, great Champions! we expect to get
Theſe ſpacious countries but diſcover'd yet;
Countries where yet, inſtead of Nature, we
Her image and her idols worſhipp'd ſee:
Theſe large and wealthy regions to ſubdue,
Tho' Learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop ſhe ne'er together drew.
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with deſign has pick'd out you,
To do theſe noble wonders by a few.
When the whole hoſt he ſaw, They are, ſaid he,
Too many to o'ercome for me:
And now he chuſes out his men,
Much in the way that he did then:

Not thofe many, whom he found
Idlely extended on the ground
To drink, with their dejected head,
The ftream, juft fo as by their mouths it fled:
No, but thofe few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

VII.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern, too, you take:
Their old and empty pitchers firft they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Iö! found too the trumpets here!
Already your victorious lights appear;
New fcenes of heav'n already we efpy,
And crowds of golden worlds on high,
Which from the fpacious plains of earth and fea
Could never yet difcover'd be
By failors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye.
Nature's great works no diftance can obfcure,
No fmallnefs her near objects can fecure:
Ye 'ave taught the curious fight to prefs
Into the privateft recefs
Of her imperceptible littlenefs:
Ye 'ave learn'd to read her fmalleft hand,
And well begun her deepeft fenfe to underftand.

VIII.

Mifchief and true difhonour fall on thofe
Who would to laughter or to fcorn expofe

S ij

So virtuous and ſo noble a deſign,
So human for its uſe, for knowledge ſo divine.
The things which theſe proud men deſpiſe, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and ſmall,
Thoſe ſmalleſt things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greateſt actions do.
Whoever would depoſed Truth advance
Into the throne uſurp'd from it,
Muſt feel at firſt the blows of Ignorance,
And the ſharp points of envious Wit.
So when, by various turns of the celeſtial dance,
In many thouſand years
A ſtar, ſo long unknown, appears,
Tho' heav'n itſelf more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wiſe a ſtar, to fools a meteor, ſhow.

IX.

With courage and ſucceſs you the bold work begin;
Your cradle has not idle been:
None e'er but Hercules and you could be
At five years' age worthy a hiſtory:
And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' hiſtorian to the ſtory fit.
As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of Philoſophy,
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated eloquence and wit:
His candid ſtyle like a clean ſtream does ſlide,

And his bright fancy all the way
Does, like the ſunſhine, in it play;
It does like Thames, the beſt of rivers! glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour, the cryſtal urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole current guide.
It has all the beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely dreſs, without the paint, of Art.

# ELEGIAC POEMS.

*An elegy on the death of*

## JOHN LITTLETON, ESQ.

*Son and heir to Sir Thomas Littleton, who was drowned leaping into the water to ſave his younger brother.*

AND muſt theſe waters ſmile again, and play
About the ſhore, as they did yeſterday?
Will the ſun court them ſtill? and ſhall they ſhow
No conſcious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
That to the thirſty traveller may ſay,
I am accurs'd, go turn ſome other way?
It is unjuſt; black Flood! thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loſs, than all thy watry ſtore
Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds ſhall be,
And beaſts, henceforth, afraid to drink with thee.
What have I ſaid! my pious rage hath been
Too hot, and acts whilſt it accuſeth ſin.
Thou 'rt innocent, I know, ſtill clear and bright,
Fit whence ſo pure a ſoul ſhould take its flight.
How is our angry zeal confin'd! for he
Muſt quarrel with his love and piety,
That would revenge his death. Oh! I ſhall ſin,
And wiſh anon he had leſs virtuous been:

For when his brother (tears for him I'd ſpill,
But they 're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he, too,
Leapt in: and when hope no faint beam could ſhow,
His charity ſhone moſt: "Thou ſhalt," ſaid he,
"Live with me, Brother! or I'll die with thee;"
And ſo he did. Had he been thine, O Rome!
Thou wouldſt have call'd his death a Martyrdom,
And ſainted him: my Conſcience! give me leave,
I'll do ſo too. If Fate will us bereave
Of him we honour'd living, there muſt be
A kind of rev'rence to his memory
After his death: and where more juſt than here,
Where life and end were both ſo ſingular?
He that had only talk'd with him might find
A little academy in his mind;
Where Wiſdom maſter was, and Fellows all
Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call.
Reaſon and holy Fear the Proctors were,
To apprehend thoſe words, thoſe thoughts that err.
His learning had outrun the reſt of heirs,
Stoll'n beard from Time, and leapt to twenty years.
And as the ſun, tho' in full glory bright,
Shines upon all men with impartial light,
And a good-morrow to the beggar brings
With as full rays as to the mightieſt kings;
So he, altho' his worth juſt ſtate might claim,
And give to Pride an honourable name,

With courteſy to all, cloath'd virtue ſo,
That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
In 's body, too, no critique eye could find
The ſmalleſt blemiſh to belie his mind:
He was all pureneſs, and his outward part
But repreſents the picture of his heart.
When waters ſwallow'd mankind, and did cheat
The hungry worm of its expected meat;
When gems, pluck'd from the ſhore by ruder hands,
Return'd again unto their native ſands;
'Mongſt all thoſe ſpoils there was not any prey
Could equal what this brook hath ſtoll'n away.
Weep then, ſad Flood! and tho' thou 'rt innocent,
Weep, becauſe Fate made thee her inſtrument:
And when long grief hath drunk up all thy ſtore,
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

On the death of the Right Hon.

## DUDLEY LORD CARLETON,

VISCOUNT DORCHESTER, LATE SECRETARY OF STATE.

Th' Infernal Siſters did a council call
Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian-hall;
The dire Tartarean monſters, hating light,
Begot by diſmal Erebus and Night,
Where'er diſpers'd abroad, hearing the fame
Of their accurſed meeting, thither came.

Revenge, whoſe greedy mind no blood can fill,
And Envy, never ſatisfy'd with ill.
Thither blind Boldneſs and impatient Rage
Reſorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age:
Theſe to oppreſs the earth the Furies ſent,
To ſpare the guilty, vex the innocent.
The council thus diſſolv'd, an angry fever,
Whoſe quenchleſs thirſt by blood was ſated never,
Envying the riches, honour, greatneſs, love,
And virtue, (loadſtone that all theſe did move)
Of noble Carleton! him ſhe took away,
And like a greedy vulture ſeiz'd her prey.
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,
And know his loſs deſerves his country's tears.
The Muſes loſt a patron by his fate,
Virtue a huſband, and a prop the ſtate.
Sol's chorus weeps, and to adorn his herſe
Calliope would ſing a tragic verſe:
And had there been before no ſpring of theirs,
They would have made a Helicon with tears.

On the death of my loving friend and couſin,

## MR. RICHARD CLARKE,

### LATE OF LINCOLN'S-INN, GENT.

It was decreed by ſtedfaſt Deſtiny,
(The world from chaos turn'd) that all ſhould die.

He who durſt fearleſs paſs black Acheron,
And dangers of th' infernal region,
Leading Hell's triple porter captivate,
Was overcome himſelf by conqu'ring Fate.
The Roman Tully's pleaſing eloquence,
Which in the ears did lock up every ſenſe
Of the rapt hearer: his mellifluous breath
Could not at all charm ſtill remorſeleſs Death;
Nor Solon, ſo by Greece admir'd, could ſave
Himſelf, with all his wiſdom, from the grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro to his fun'ral flame,
And would have ended in that fire his fame;
Burning thoſe lofty lines, which now ſhall be
Time's conqu'rors, and outlaſt eternity.
Ev'n ſo lov'd Clarke from death no 'ſcape could find,
Tho' arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
He was adorn'd in years, tho' far more young,
With learned Cicero's, or a ſweeter tongue;
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty ſtrain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth a Solon's wiſdom did preſage,
Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age:
Who would not, therefore, now, if Learning's friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
Who hath ſuch hard, ſuch unrelenting eyes,
As not to weep when ſo much virtue dies?
The god of poets doth in darkneſs ſhrowd
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud.

The doleful Muſes thinking now to write
Sad elegies, their tears confound their ſight;
But him t' Elyſium's laſting joys they bring,
Where winged angels his ſad requiems ſing.

## ON THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

WHAT ſhall we ſay, ſince ſilent now is he,
Who when he ſpoke, all things would ſilent be?
Who had ſo many languages in ſtore,
That only Fame ſhall ſpeak of him in more?
Whom England now no more return'd muſt ſee?
He's gone to Heav'n on his fourth embaſſy.
On earth he travell'd often ; not to ſay
He ad been abroad, or paſs'd looſe time away.
In whatſoever land he chanc'd to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wiſdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to ſee.
So well he underſtood the moſt and beſt
Of tongues that Babel ſent into the Weſt,
Spoke them ſo truly that he had (you'd ſwear)
Not only liv'd, but been born every where
Juſtly each nation's ſpeech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone.
Nor ought the language of that man be leſs,
Who in his breaſt had all things to expreſs.
We ſay that learning's endleſs, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date;

He did the utmoſt bounds of knowledge find;
He found them not ſo large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan
Becauſe that Art had no more worlds than one;
And when he ſaw that he thro' all had paſt,
He dy'd, leſt he ſhould idle grow at laſt.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. JORDAN,

### SECOND MASTER AT WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

Hence! and make room for me, all you who come
Only to read th' epitaph on this tomb.
Here lies the maſter of my tender years,
The guardian of my parents' hope and fears;
Whoſe government ne'er ſtood me in a tear;
All weeping was reſerv'd to ſpend it here.
Come hither all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with me; he was your tutor too.
Let's join our ſighs, till they fly far, and ſhew
His native Belgia what ſhe's now to do.
The league of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither ſent
In payment of all men we there had loſt,
And all the Engliſh blood thoſe wars have coſt.
Wiſely did Nature this learn'd man divide;
His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride
Of England; and t' avoid the envious ſtrife
Of other lands, all Europe had his life,

But we in chief; our country ſoon was grown
A debtor more to him than he to his own.
He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men againſt the future times:
For deeds of age are in their cauſes then,
And tho' he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas a maſter, in thoſe ancient days,
When men ſought knowledge firſt, and by it praiſe:
Was a thing full of rev'rence, profit, fame,
Father itſelf was but a ſecond name.
He ſcorn'd the profit; his inſtructions all
Were like the ſcience, free and liberal.
He deſerv'd honours, but deſpis'd them, too,
As much as thoſe who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could flatter none, but himſelf leaſt of all.
So true, ſo faithful, and ſo juſt as he,
Was nought on earth but his own memory:
His memory! where all things written were
As ſure and fix'd as in Fate's books they are.
Thus he in arts ſo vaſt a treaſure gain'd,
Whilſt ſtill the uſe came in and ſtock remain'd:
And having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with it to enrich others now:
Did thus a new and harder taſk ſuſtain,
Like thoſe that work in mines for others' gain.
He, tho' more nobly, had much more to do
To ſearch the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too:

Tho' my excuſe would be, I muſt confeſs,
Much better had his diligence been leſs.
But if a Muſe hereafter ſmile on me,
And ſay, Be thou a poet; men ſhall ſee
That none could a more grateful ſcholar have,
For what I ow'd his life I'll pay his grave.

### ON THE DEATH OF

## SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK,

### THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYCK is dead; but what bold Muſe ſhall dare
(Tho' poets in that word with painters ſhare)
T' expreſs her ſadneſs? Poeſy muſt become
An art, like painting here, an art that's dumb.
Let's all our ſolemn grief in ſilence keep,
Like ſome ſad picture which he made to weep,
Or thoſe who ſaw 't, for none his works could view,
Unmov'd with the ſame paſſions which he drew.
His pieces ſo with their live objects ſtrive,
That both or pictures ſeem, or both alive.
Nature herſelf, amaz'd, does doubting ſtand
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand,
And does attempt the like with leſs ſucceſs,
When her own work in twins ſhe would expreſs.
His all-reſembling pencil did outpaſs
The mimic imag'ry of looking-glaſs.

Nor was his life leſs perfect than his art,
Nor was his hand leſs erring than his heart:
There was no falſe or fading colour there,
The figures ſweet and well-proportion'd were.
Moſt other men, ſet next to him in view,
Appear'd more ſhadows than the men he drew.
Thus ſtill he liv'd, till Heav'n did for him call,
Where rev'rend Luke ſalutes him firſt of all;
Where he beholds new ſights, divinely fair,
And could almoſt wiſh for his pencil there,
Did he not gladly ſee how all things ſhine,
Wondrouſly painted in the mind Divine,
Whilſt he, for ever raviſh'd with the ſhow,
Scorns his own art which we admire below.
Only his beauteous lady ſtill he loves;
(The love of heav'nly objects heav'n improves)
He ſees bright angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left ſo like them here.
And you, fair Widow! who ſtay here alive,
Since he ſo much rejoices, ceaſe to grieve.
Your joys and griefs were wont the ſame to be;
Begin not now, bleſs'd Pair! to diſagree.
No wonder death mov'd not his gen'rous mind,
You, and a new-born you, he left behind.
Ev'n Fate expreſs'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HARVEY.

Immodicis brevis eſt aetas, et rara ſenectus. MART.

I.

It was a diſmal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,
When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breaſt,
By ſomething liker death poſſeſs'd:
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my ſoul hung the dull weight
Of ſome intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

II.

My ſweet Companion! and my gentle Peer!
Why haſt thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
O thou haſt left me all alone!
Thy ſoul and body, when death's agony
Beſieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my deareſt Friend! do part from thee.

III.

My deareſt Friend! would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world, henceforth, will tedious be;
Nor ſhall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.

Silent and ſad I walk about all day,
As ſullen ghoſts ſtalk ſpeechleſs by
Where their hid treaſures lie:
Alas! my treaſure 's gone, why do I ſtay?

IV.

He was my friend, the trueſt friend on earth;
A ſtrong and mighty influence join'd our birth:
Nor did we envy the moſt ſounding name
By Friendſhip giv'n of old to Fame.
None but his brethren he, and ſiſters, knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myſelf I lov'd them too.

V.

Say, for you ſaw us, ye Immortal Lights!
How oft', unweary'd, have we ſpent the nights,
Till the Ledæan ſtars, ſo fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above?
We ſpent them not in toys, in luſts, or wine,
But ſearch of deep philoſophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my Friend! were thine.

VI.

Ye Fields of Cambridge! our dear Cambridge! ſay,
Have ye not ſeen us walking ev'ry day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle Trees! for ever fade,
Or your ſad branches thicker join,
And into darkſome ſhades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

VII.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you ſing,
Till all the tuneful birds t' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whiſtling winds thro' the glad branches fly,
But all, with ſad ſolemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

VIII.

To him my Muſe made haſte with ev'ry ſtrain,
Whilſt it was new, and warm yet from the brain.
He lov'd my worthleſs rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out ſomething to commend.
Hence, now, my Muſe! thou canſt not me delight;
Be this my lateſt verſe,
With which I now adorn his hearſe,
And this my grief, without thy help, ſhall write.

IX.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I ſhould contemn that flour'ſhing honour now,
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Inſtead of bays, crown with ſad cypreſs me;
Cypreſs! which tombs does beautify:

Not Phœbus griev'd ſo much as I
For him, who firſt was made that mournful tree.

X.

Large was his ſoul; as large a ſoul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here:
High as the place 'twas ſhortly' in heav'n to have,
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come
As to the chiefeſt ſeat,
Conſpicuous and great;
So low, that for me, too, it made a room.

XI.

He ſcorn'd this buſy world below, and all
That we, miſtaken mortals, pleaſure call;
Was fill'd with inn'cent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the ſins of youth.
He, like the ſtars, to which he now is gone,
That ſhine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the ſame,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

XII.

Knowledge he only ſought, and ſo ſoon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather ſought:
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In ſuch a ſhort mortality.
Whene'er the ſkilful youth diſcours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his el'quent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faſter than his wit.

XIII.

So ſtrong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heav'nly moon did ſhow,
Temp'ring that mighty ſea below.
O had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to control
His overpow'ring ſoul?
We'ave loſt in him arts that not yet are found.

XIV.

His mirth was the pure ſp'rits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And when deep talk and wiſdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of books he always took,
Tho' his own ſearching mind before
Was ſo with notions written o'er,
As if wiſe Nature had made that her book.

XV.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can ſcarce pick here and there in hiſtory:
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach,
As much as they could ever teach.
Theſe did Religion, Queen of virtues, ſway,
And all their ſacred motions ſteer,
Juſt like the firſt and higheſt ſphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heav'n one way.

XVI.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other ſaints do die.
Still with his ſoul ſevere account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he ſlept:
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the ſun's laborious light,
Which ſtill in water ſets at night,
Unſully'd with his journey of the day.

XVII.

Wondrous young Man! why wert thou made ſo good,
To be ſnatch'd hence ere better underſtood?
Snatched before half of thee enough was ſeen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their laſt ſad farewell,
But danger and infectious death
Maliciouſly ſeiz'd on that breath
Where life, ſp'rit, pleaſure, always us'd to dwell.

XVIII.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age!
Where ign'rance and hypocriſy does rage!
A fitter time for heav'n no ſoul e'er choſe,
The place now only free from thoſe.
There 'mong the bleſs'd thou doſt for ever ſhine,
And whereſoe'er thou caſts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'ſt not a ſoul cloath'd with more light than thine.

XIX.

And if the glorious ſaints ceaſe not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does ſtill the ſame abide,
Only more pure and rarify'd :
There, whilſt immortal hymns thou doſt rehearſe,
Thou doſt with holy pity ſee
Our dull and earthly poeſy,
Where grief and mis'ry can be join'd with verſe.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n
The two moſt ſacred names of earth and heav'n,
The hard and rareſt union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muſes baniſh'd ſlaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moſes thou, (tho' ſpells and charms withſtand)
Haſt brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.
Ah, wretched We! poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the ſame poet which thou'rt now.
Whilſt angels ſing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applauſe ſo great as thine,
Equal ſociety with them to hold,
Thou need'ſt not make new ſongs, but ſay the old :
And they, kind Spirits! ſhall all rejoice to ſee
How little leſs than they exalted man may be.

Still the old Heathen gods in numbers dwell,
The heav'nlieſt thing on earth ſtill keeps up hell:
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Chriſtian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, ſtand:
And tho' Pan's death long ſince all or'cles broke,
Yet ſtill in rhyme the fiend Apollo ſpoke:
Nay, with the worſt of Heathen dotage we
(Vain Men!) the monſter Woman deiſy;
Find ſtars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And Paradiſe in them, by whom we loſt it, place.
What diff'rent faults corrupt our Muſes thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!
Thy ſpotleſs Muſe, like Mary, did contain
The boundleſs Godhead; ſhe did well diſdain
That her eternal verſe employ'd ſhould be
On a leſs ſubject than eternity;
And for a ſacred miſtreſs ſcorn'd to take,
But her whom God himſelf ſcorn'd not his ſpouſe to make.
It (in a kind) her miracles did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.
How well, bleſs'd Swan! did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great miſtreſs' arms*? thou moſt divine
And richeſt off'ring of Loretto's ſhrine!
Where, like ſome holy ſacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.

* Mr. Craſhaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly choſen Canon of that church.

Angels, they ſay, brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the ſacred load in triumph thro' the air.
'Tis ſurer much they brought thee there, and they
And thou, their charge, went ſinging all the way.
  Pardon, my Mother Church! if I conſent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error ſure no danger is
When join'd with ſo much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God! with ſhame I ſpeak 't, and grief,
Ah! that our greateſt faults were in belief!
And our weak reaſon were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too ſtrong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in ſome nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm ſure, was in the right:
And I myſelf a Catholic will be,
So far, at leaſt, great Saint! to pray to thee.
  Hail, Bard triumphant! and ſome care beſtow
On us, the Poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old en'my, adverſe Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance,
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Deſires,
Expos'd by tyrant Love to ſavage beaſts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didſt riſe,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the ſkies:
Eliſha-like, (but with a wiſh much leſs,
More fit thy greatneſs and my littleneſs)
Lo! here I beg, (I whom thou once didſt prove
So humble to eſteem, ſo good to love)

Not that thy ſp'rit might on me doubled be,
I aſk but half thy mighty ſp'rit for me;
And when my Muſe ſoars with ſo ſtrong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and firſt of thee, to ſing.

UPON THE DEATH OF

## THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

I.

'Tis folly allthat can be ſaid
By living mortals of th' immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we ſhed.
'Tis as if we, who ſtay behind
In expectation of the wind,
Should pity thoſe who paſs'd this ſtreight before,
And touch the univerſal ſhore.
Ah! happy Man! who art to ſail no more!
And if it ſeem ridiculous to grieve
Becauſe our friends are newly come from ſea,
Tho' ne'er ſo fair and calm it be,
What would all ſober men believe,
If they ſhould hear us ſighing ſay,
Balcarres, who but th' other day
Did all our love and our reſpect command,
At whoſe great parts we all amaz'd did ſtand,
Is from a ſtorm, alas! caſt ſuddenly on land?

II.

If you will ſay, few perſons upon earth
Did, more than he, deſerve to have

A life exempt from fortune and the grave,
Whether you look upon his birth,
And anceſtors, whoſe fame's ſo widely ſpread,
But anceſtors, alas! who long ago are dead!
Or whether you conſider more
The vaſt increaſe, as ſure you ought,
Of honour by his labour bought,
And added to the former ſtore;
All I can anſwer is, that I allow
The privilege you plead for, and avow,
That as he well deſerv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

III.

Tho' God, for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring providence intends,
Erroneous mankind ſhould not underſtand,
Would not permit Balcarres' hand,
That once, with ſo much induſtry and art,
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,
To perfect his diſtracted nation's cure,
Or ſtop the fatal bondage 'twas t' endure;
Yet for his pains he ſoon did him remove,
From all th' oppreſſion and the woe
Of his frail body's native ſoil below,
To his ſoul's true and peaceful country' above:
So godlike kings, for ſecret cauſes, known,
Sometimes, but to themſelves alone,
One of their ableſt miniſters elect,
And ſend abroad, to treaties which they intend

Shall never take effect;
But tho' the treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward
For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
His juft and righteous mafter calls him home,
And gives him near himfelf fome honourable room.

IV.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To fave his country, and reftore his King;
And whilft the manly half of him, which thofe
Who know not love to be the whole fuppofe,
Perform'd all parts of Virtue's vigorous life,
The beauteous half, his lovely wife,
Did all his labours and his cares divide,
Nor was a lame nor paralitic fide:
In all the turns of human ftate,
And all th' unjuft attacks of Fate,
She bore her fhare and portion ftill,
And would not fuffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that fuch was he
Whom, in the ftorms of bad fuccefs,
And all that error calls unhappinefs,
His virtue and his virtuous wife did ftill accompany.

V.

With thefe companions 'twas not ftrange
That nothing could his temper change.
His own and country's ruin had not weight

Enough to crush his mighty mind:
He saw around the hurricanes of state,
Fix'd as an island 'gainst the waves and wind.
Thus far the greedy sea may reach,
All outward things are but the beach;
A great man's soul it doth assault in vain;
Their God himself the ocean doth restrain
With an imperceptible chain,
And bid it to go back again.
His wisdom, justice, and his piety,
His courage, both to suffer and to die,
His virtues, and his lady, too,
Were things celestial: and we see,
In spight of quarrelling Philosophy,
How in this case 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n stands still, and only earth goes round.

ON THE DEATH OF

## MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

I.

Cruel Disease! ah, could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spight to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
Which still thy depredations most do vex?
Where still thy malice most of all,
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall,
And in them most assault the fairest place,
The throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the face.

There was enough of that here to aſſwage
(One would have thought) eithert by luſt or rage.
Was 't not enough when thou, profane Diſeaſe!
Didſt on this glorious temple ſeize?
Was 't not enough, like a wild zealot, there
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images?
Was 't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou muſt quite deſtroy the goodly pile?
And thy unbounded ſacrilege commit
On th' inward holieſt holy of her wit?
Cruel Diſeaſe! there thou miſtook'ſt thy pow'r;
No mine of Death can that devour;
On her embalmed name it will abide
An everlaſting pyramid,
As high as heav'n the top, as earth the baſis wide.

II.

All ages paſt record, all countries now,
In various kinds ſuch equal beauties ſhow,
That ev'n Judge Paris would not know
On whom the golden apple to beſtow;
Tho' goddeſſes to his ſentence did ſubmit,
Women and lovers would appeal from it;
Nor durſt he ſay, of all the female race
This is the ſov'reign face.
And ſome (tho' theſe be of a kind that 's rare,
That 's much, ah! much leſs frequent than the fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are,

That it the mother of the gods might pofe,
When the beft woman for her guide fhe chofe:
But if Apollo fhould defign
A woman Laureat to make,
Without difpute he would Orinda take,
Tho' Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a princefs or a queen
Is great, but 'tis a greatnefs always feen;
The world did never but two women know
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did rife
To the two tops of fp'ritual dignities,
One female Pope of old, one female Poet now.

III.

Of female poets, who had names of old,
Nothing is fhown, but only told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flatt'ry only, and male-poetry!
Few minutes did their beauties' lightning wafte,
The thunder of their voice did longer laft,
But that, too, foon was paft.
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
In her own lafting characters are writ,
And they will long my praife of them furvive,
Tho' long, perhaps, too, that may live.
The trade of glory manag'd by the pen,
Tho' great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but fmall profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the fharers drown'd:

Orinda on the female coaſts of Fame
Engroſſes all the goods of a poetic name:
She does no partner with her ſee,
Does all the bus'neſs there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

IV.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine,
Unleſs to Virtue's prop it join,
Firm and erect towards heav'n bound; [crown'd,
Tho' it with beauteous leaves and pleaſant fruit be
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.
Now ſhame and bluſhes on us all,
Who our own ſex ſuperior call!
Orinda does our boaſting ſex outdo,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
She does above our beſt examples riſe
In hate of vice and ſcorn of vanities.
Never did ſpirit of the manly make,
And dipp'd all o'er in Learning's ſacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.
No violent paſſion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodneſs of her mind;
Thro' walls of ſtone thoſe furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her ſoft breaſt they hit, pow'rleſs and dead they

V. [lay.

The fame of Friendſhip which ſo long had told
Of three or four illuſtrious names of old,

Till hoarſe and weary with the tale ſhe grew,
Rejoices now to 'ave got a new,
A new, and more ſurpriſing ſtory,
Of fair Leucaſia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in ſome foreign country he muſt live,
The language and the manners he does ſtrive
To underſtand and practiſe here,
That he may come no ſtranger there;
So well Orinda did herſelf prepare,
In this much-different clime, for her remove
To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

# PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

*To the truly worthy and noble*

## SIR KENELM DIGBY, KNIGHT *.

This latter age, the lees of time, has known
Few that have made both Pallas' arts their own;
But you, great Sir! two laurels wear, and are
Victorious in peace as well as war:
Learning by right of conqueſt is your own,
And every lib'ral art your captive grown;
As if neglected Science (for it now
Wants ſome defenders) fled for help to you;
Whom I muſt follow, and let this for me
An earneſt of my future ſervice be;
Which I ſhould fear to ſend you, did I know
Your judgment only, not your candour too:
For 'twas a work ſtoll'n (tho' you'll juſtly call
This play as fond as thoſe) from Cat or Ball.
Had it been written ſince, I ſhould, I fear,
Scarce have abſtain'd from a philoſopher,
Which by tradition here is thought to be
A neceſſary part in comedy.
Nor need I tell you this; each line of it
Betrays the time and place wherein 'twas writ;

* This poem is prefixed to the paſtoral comedy of Love's Riddle.

And I could wiſh that I could ſafely ſay,
Reader, this play was made but th' other day.
Yet 'tis not ſtuff'd with names of gods, hard words,
Such as the Metamorphoſes affords;
Nor has't a part for Robinſon, whom they
At ſchool account eſſential to a play.
The ſtyle is low, ſuch as you'll eaſily take
For what a ſwain might ſay, and a boy make.
Take it, as early fruits, which rare appear,
Tho' not half ripe, but worſt of all the year;
And if it pleaſe your taſte, my Muſe will ſay,
The birch which crown'd her then is grown a bay.

## EPILOGUE.

### SPOKEN BY ALUPIS.

The Author bid me tell you—'Faith I have
Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very ſlave
If I know what to ſay; but only this,
Be merry; that my counſel always is.
Let no grave man knit up his brow, and ſay
'Tis fooliſh: why? 'twas a boy made the play;
Nor any yet of thoſe that ſit behind,
Becauſe he goes in pluſh, be of his mind.
Let none his time, or his ſpent money, grieve:
Be merry; give me your hands, and I'll believe:
Or if you will not, I'll go in and ſee
If I can turn the Author's mind, with me

To ſing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholy,
Since that can't mend the play.

## PROLOGUS. NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE.

Exi foras inepte; nullamne habebunt hic comœdiam?
Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
Tun' jam Sophiſta junior, et modeſtus adhuc?
Ego nihil poſſum, præter quod cætera ſolent,
Salvete cives Attici, et corona florentiſſima.
Utinam illam videretis, plus hoc ſpectaculo
Riſuros voſmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adſpicit.
Niſi placidè intueamini, actum eſt de Puero.
Tragœdia iſthæc ſiet, et Naufragium verum.
Dicturus modo Prologum, novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
Prodire, niſi perſonatus, in hanc frequentiam
Non audet, et plus ſuâ rubeſcit purpurâ.
Illius ergò cauſâ, ſinite exorator ſiem
Ut nequis Poëta vitio vortat novitio,
Quodque non ſolet fieri, inſolentiam putet.
Niſi fari inceptaverit, Nemo eſt futurus eloquens.
Qui modò pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
Aliquandò balbutivit ac timuit loqui.
Neque annos novem poſcite; non eſt, Spectatores op-
Adulta res, ſed Puerilis, Ludere. [timi,

Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.
Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum?
Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram?
Favete et huic Flori, ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula
Repentè exortus, repentinò occidat.

## EPILOGUS. NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE.

Habet; peracta est Fabula; nil restat deníque:
Nisi ut vos valere jubeam; quod ut fiat mutuò,
Valere et nos etiam jubeatis precor.
Naufragium sic non erit; nam vobis, si placuimus,
Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admirabilis,
Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

## PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN.

### BEFORE THE PRINCE.

Who says the times do learning disallow?
'Tis false; 'twas never honour'd so as now.
When you appear, great Prince! our night is done;
You are our morning star, and shall be our sun.
But our scene's London now, and by the rout
We perish, if the Roundheads be about.
For now no ornament the head must wear,
No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.
How can a play pass safely, when, ye know,
Cheapside Cross falls for making but a show?

Our only hope is this, that it may be
A play may paſs, too, made *extempore.*
Tho' other arts poor and neglected grow,
They'll admit poeſy, which was always ſo.
But we contemn the fury of theſe days,
And ſcorn no leſs their cenſure than their praiſe.
Our Muſe! bleſs'd Prince! does only' on you rely,
Would gladly live, but not refuſe to die.
Accept our haſty zeal; a thing that's play'd
Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.
Our ign'rance, but our duty, too, we ſhow:
I would all ign'rant people would do ſo!
A other times expect our wit or art;
This comedy is acted by the heart.

## EPILOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN.

The play, Great Sir! is done; yet needs muſt fear,
Tho' you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your Highneſs, and we 'ave now
Three hours done treaſon here, for ought we know.
But pow'r your Grace can above Nature give,
It can give pow'r to make abortives live:
In which, if our bold wiſhes ſhould be croſs'd,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has loſt:
'Tho' it ſhould fall beneath your mortal ſcorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 'twas born.

## PROLOGUE,

### TO THE CUTTER OF COLEMAN-STREET.

As when the midland ſea is no where clear
From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier,
Which coaſt about, to all they meet with foes,
And upon which nought can be got but blows,
The merchant ſhips ſo much their paſſage doubt,
That, tho' full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And trade decays, and ſcarcity enſues:
Juſt ſo the tim'rous wits of late refuſe,
Tho' laded, to put forth upon the ſtage,
Affrighted by the critics of this age.
It is a party num'rous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which ſails in ſight, with-hold.
Nor do their cheap, tho' mortal, thunder ſpare;
They ſhoot, alas! with wind-guns charg'd with air.
But yet, Gentlemen Critics of Argier,
For your own int'reſt I'd adviſe ye here
To let this little forlorn hope go by,
Safe and untouch'd. That muſt not be, you'll cry.
If ye be wiſe it muſt; I'll tell ye why.
There are ſev'n, eight, nine,—ſtay—there are be-
Ten plays at leaſt, which wait but for a wind, [hind
And the glad news that we the en'my miſs,
And thoſe are all your own if you ſpare this.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new,
Some by known ſhipwrights built, and others too

By that great Author made, whoe'er he be,
That ſtyles himſelf Perſon of Quality.
All theſe, if we miſcarry here to-day,
Will rather till they rot in th' harbour ſtay;
Nay, they will back again, tho' they were come
Ev'n to their laſt ſafe road, the Tiring-room.
Therefore again I ſay, if you be wiſe,
Let this for once paſs free, let it ſuffice
That we, your ſov'reign pow'r here to avow,
Thus humbly, ere we paſs, ſtrike ſail to you.

## ADDED AT COURT.

Stay, Gentlemen; what I have ſaid, was all
But forc'd ſubmiſſion, which I now recall.
Ye 're all but pirates now again; for here
Does the true Sov'reign of the ſeas appear,
The ſov'reign of theſe narrow ſeas of wit;
'Tis his own Thames; he knows and governs it.
'Tis his dominion and domain; as he
Pleaſes 'tis either ſhut to us or free.
Not only if his paſſport we obtain,
We fear no little rovers of the main;
But if our Neptune his calm viſage ſhow,
No wave ſhall dare to riſe, or wind to blow.

## EPILOGUE.

### SPOKEN BY CUTTER.

METHINKS a viſion bids me ſilence break,
*[Without his peruke.*
And ſome words to this congregation ſpeak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-ſtreet.
But yet I wonder much not to eſpy a
Brother in all this court call'd Zephaniah.
Bleſs me! where are we? what may this place be?
For I begin my viſion now to ſee
That this is a mere theatre; well, then,
If 't be e'en ſo, I'll Cutter be again. *[Puts on his peruke.*
Not Cutter the pretended Cavalier,
For to confeſs ingenuouſly here
To you, who always of that party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this Town.
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended,
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our Author ſays he'll mend, that is, he'll write no more.

## EPILOGUE AT COURT.

THE madneſs of your people, and the rage,
You 'ave ſeen too long upon the public ſtage;
'Tis time at laſt, Great Sir! 'tis time to ſee
Their tragic follies brought to comedy.
If any blame the lowneſs of our ſcene,
We humbly think ſome perſons there have been
On the world's theatre not long ago,
Much more too high, than here they are too low.
And well we know that Comedy of old
Did her plebeian rank with ſo much honour hold,
That it appear'd not then too baſe or light
For the great Scipio's conqu'ring hand to write.
Howe'er, if ſuch mean perſons ſeem too rude,
When into royal preſence they intrude,
Yet we ſhall hope a pardon to receive
From you, a Prince ſo practis'd to forgive;
A Prince who, with th' applauſe of earth and heav'n,
The rudeneſs of the vulgar has forgiv'n.

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